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{ From Beginning
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GAIN AND LOSS.

I.

WHEN we are weary with the world's rough
teaching,

Too weak to press our way among the rest,
Too tired to guess at life's perplexed meaning,
Too worn to follow in its eager quest,

We ask but room beneath still summer skies
To dream in rest, and, waking, dream again,
Calmly to bear what still before us lies,
Suffer unshared the woes that yet remain.

'Tis then, I think, God sends His special
spirits,
Who straightway open our cold slumbering
hearts

With love that yields far more than it inherits,
With love that claims as much as it imparts.

No winged troop of angels, pure and sinless,
Nor saints, who too grew weary of the
earth;

But little souls whose life is fresh and guile-
less,
Of human weakness and of human birth;

The little children, with their wistful pleading
For love and strength to feed their tender
growth,

Yet give us warmth and sunshine, all unheed-
ing,
Unconscious teachers of life-giving truth.

When baby-fingers twine within our own,
We cannot push their clinging love away;
We cannot walk the tedious path alone
When little feet want strengthening on the
way.

When childish eyes grow brighter with the
sun,

How can we shun the glowing golden light?
With little thoughts unfolding one by one,
We dare not shut the truth out from our
sight.

Their tender love, dependence full and sweet,
We needs must feed with fuller love and
power;

And seeking this will bring us to His feet
Who feeds the birds, unfolds the opening
flower.

And doubting souls first know a God above
them

When they have felt the spirit's mother-
bliss,

And weary hearts God gathers to His bosom
When in His father love He sends us this.

II.

SHE took the brown seeds in her hand,
And softly turned them one by one,
Saying, "For these I only want

A little rain, a little sun,
A short-lived sleep within the earth
Until the winter frosts be done.

"Quickly the spring days come again,
Quickly the snowdrops follow snow,
Perchance my little babe shall pluck
Flowers where I plant these brown seeds
now;

God! send Thy sun and rain to feed
Both flowers when they together grow."

Bright shone the sun, fast fell the rain,
The hands that sowed were clasped in rest,
Over some flowers a baby's hand

Had laid upon its mother's breast;
God took the seed His hand had sown,
And planted it where flowers grow best.
Sunday Magazine. C. BROOKE.

DOM DOARDOS.

THE King said to the fair Infanta,
"Daughter! to the window flee;
I can hear the mermaids singing
In the midst of yonder sea."

"Father! they are not the mermaids,

That you hear so sweetly sing;
But, my love, my Dom Doardos,
Calls the daughter of the King!"

"If, in sooth, 'tis Dom Doardos,
I will have his traitorous head."

"Father! if you kill my lover,
Let my blood be also shed."

So they slew young Dom Doardos
At the moonlight evening's close;
And the Infanta's head lay lowly
Ere the morning's sun arose.

One was buried in the chapel;
The other, near the portal fine.

An olive-tree grew from her body,
And from his a royal pine.

Thrives the one, and thrives the other;
And entwined their branches grow.

Then the father, fraught with anger,
Bids his woodman lay them low.

From the olive, milk flows gushing;
Royal blood bursts from the pine.

Then the Queen, with envy burning,
Has them cast into the brine.

Fishers seek the beach for treasure;
Empty nets bring prayer and plaint;

But they see a lovely chapel,
An altar, and an imaged saint.

Straight they call the priests together,
Call the priests from near and far,

That they may baptize the chapel
Sam Joam de Baixa-mar,*

And the saint upon the altar,
Blessèd Virgin do Pilar!

Soon the people thronged together,
And the King, among the crowd,

Struck with sorrow and repentance,
Smote his breast and wept aloud.

"Cease, dear father, cease your sorrow,
Dry your tears, and weep no more;

No earthly power can sever lovers
Joined by God forevermore."

From the Portuguese by Mather Lewtas in the *Athenæum*.

* St. John of the low tide.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE HEART OF AFRICA AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.*

IN order to have a clear conception of the vast regions of which the works of Dr. Schweinfurth and Sir Samuel Baker treat, it is necessary that the reader should master the physical features of the country which forms what is commonly called the Basin of the Nile. Below Khartoum, situated at about 16° north lat., the stream of the Nile is a very simple matter. But at Khartoum itself the perplexities of its course at once begin, and the questions arise at that very spot which is the true main channel of that mighty river, and which are merely its affluents? The town to which we refer lies, as is well known, at the junction of the Blue Nile, the Nile of Bruce and Abyssinia flowing from the east, and the White Nile which joins its sister stream from the west. For a long period the Blue Nile was considered by geographers the true Nile, but as the horizon of knowledge was extended the White Nile was raised to that dignity, and after receiving another affluent from the eastward in the Sobat, was supposed, and is still supposed by most geographers, to be the main stream, flowing from the south-east by the name of the Bahr-el-Gebel, and traced by the recent discoveries of Baker and Speke and others as issuing from the Albert Nyanza Lake, into which, again, a stream flows from the Victoria Nyanza, called by Speke the White Nile. So much will be sufficient as to the course of the eastern stream of the Nile, the White Nile, and its affluents, and these are the rivers which traverse those south-eastern regions of the Nile Basin through which Baker travelled and campaigned. But besides the eastern or White Nile, there are a number of western affluents, which unite

in the Gazelle River, which joins the White Nile just at the point where that stream is greatly impeded by great barriers and masses of weeds, which so choke the channel as to render it for some portion of the year almost impassable. This blocking of the White Nile, together with the force and volume of those western affluents which unite in the Gazelle, have lately revived discussion as to the main stream of the Nile; and some, among whom, though he does not positively say so, we think we can reckon Dr. Schweinfurth, have recently thought that the Djoor, which flows into the Gazelle at a spot called the Meshera or the Landing-Place in the Dinka territory, may, after all, be the main stream and the true Nile. On this vexed question we do not presume to offer an opinion: all that we wish to impress upon the reader is the fact that besides the White Nile and its eastern affluents, there are numerous streams flowing from the west, as the Bahr-el-Arab, the Tondy, the Rohl, and, though last not least, the Djoor, which, uniting in the short channel known as the Gazelle, find their way into the grass-grown stream of the White Nile, which, if its course becomes a little more blocked and choked by that luxuriant water vegetation, is threatened with extinction as a river, and with transformation into a series of lakes. As Baker's line of march lay along the eastern stream of the Nile, so Schweinfurth's discoveries were towards the west, and through the regions watered by the western affluents of the river which we have named above. It adds immensely to the importance and interest of those discoveries that in the course of his travels he passed out of the Nile Basin, and crossing its watershed, arrived the first of travellers from the north in a region where the streams flowed south to the shores of the Atlantic.

Having thus briefly explained the geographical features, so far as the Nile is concerned, of the countries visited by each of our authors, we proceed to say that the two works which stand at the head of this article were the result of expeditions which traversed neighbour-

* 1. *The Heart of Africa. Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of Central Africa, from 1868 to 1871.* By Dr. GEORGE SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER, with an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. In 2 vols. London: 1873.

2. *Ismailia. A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade.* By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, Pacha, &c. In 2 vols. 1874.

ing regions of Central Africa with very different aims and objects. The first was a purely scientific journey made by a distinguished German naturalist, who, with great knowledge of his subject, but with comparatively slender resources, availed himself of the assistance of traders to forward and further him on his way. The other was a military expedition numbering at first many hundreds of men, and conveyed in a fleet of steamers and sailing-boats to Gondokoro on the White Nile, which was to be the headquarters of this little army. If we ask what was the object this force had in view, the command of which was formally granted by an express firman of the khedive to a distinguished traveller and elephant-hunter, with absolute power and the title of a pacha, that commander himself assures us that it was undertaken for the extirpation of that nefarious traffic in slaves, which he had discovered in his travels through the same regions to be the great bar to the civilization of Central Africa. This object is put forth on his title-page, professed in the first chapter of the book, and paraded, if we may use the expression, on page after page throughout these volumes. It was against the slave-trade, and the slave-trade alone, that Baker's expedition up the White Nile was planned after due deliberation by the khedive, and its command accepted by the traveller whose former travels in Africa in company with his heroic wife had proved him best fitted to lead a band of trained soldiers on a daring enterprise. We may say at once, while treating of the origin of the expedition, and of Baker's avowed singleness of purpose, that in all probability the motives of the Egyptian government in this matter were mixed; and that the acquisition of territory and the taming of barbarous neighbours were probably far greater recommendations in their eyes than any such philanthropic object as the suppression of that traffic in human flesh which, as we shall see afterwards, is, horrible as it may seem to the enlightened ears of Englishmen, a normal and even necessary condition of life in Upper Egypt and the Soudan. While writing

this we do not mean to say that at Cairo there are not to be heard voices round the khedive's divan loudly decrying that iniquitous traffic as unworthy to exist on Egyptian soil; but, strange to say, those who use this language, returning to their houses and harems, find themselves surrounded by slaves, with whom, in spite and in the teeth of their protestations, even Lower Egypt is full. It is not wonderful therefore that, as the diabbeah of the tourist and the traveller ascends the Nile, those outcries against the slave-trade gradually die away, until on arriving at Khartoum, the stranger is surprised to find that he is in the midst of a population whose daily bread is the traffic so stigmatized at Cairo; nay, more, that the very men so indignant against it when in presence of the khedive are not slow to receive backsheesh from the traders in that emporium who were at first the originators and are still the propagators of this accursed commerce.

After these preliminary observations, we propose to consider these two works in the order of time, and to see what both the naturalist and the pacha accomplished in their respective expeditions. Starting with very different views and traversing very divergent paths, it will be seen that they both meet at last in one common and outspoken declaration, that the slave-trade is the curse of Central Africa, and that before it and the ivory-trade with which it is inseparably connected, all other branches of trade dwindle and decay; so that regions blessed by Providence with abundant populations and most exuberant fertility produce, under the present system of trade at Khartoum, little else but slaves, and the ivory which without slaves it is impossible to procure. To begin then with Dr. Schweinfurth. To use his own words, he was "already no novice on African soil" when he prepared in the summer of 1868 for the great journey described in these two bulky and beautifully illustrated volumes. Born at Riga in 1836, the son of a merchant, he studied at Heidelberg and Berlin, and from his boyhood devoted himself to botany. In 1860, when the collections of the young

Baron von Barnim, who had fallen a victim to the climate while travelling on the Upper Nile, were brought home, they were placed in the young Schweinfurth's hands, and their examination roused in his mind what he well calls "the blameless avarice of a plant-hunter," and the hope that he too might one day make discoveries in his favourite science. To such a man where there is a will there is always a way, and in 1863 we find him in Egypt and penetrating as far as Khartoum after skirting the Highlands of Abyssinia. Thence he returned, with an empty purse indeed, but a splendid collection of plants, in 1866. He could not, however, remain at home. He soon submitted a plan to the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin for the botanical exploration of the equatorial regions lying west of the Nile. His proposals were accepted, and in 1868, with a grant from the Humboldt Institution, he landed in Egypt to pursue his researches. "During three years," says Mr. Winwood Reade in his Introduction, "he was absent in the *heart of Africa*," and even before he had returned, his name was famous in Europe and America. Traveling not in the footsteps of Baker, but in a more westerly direction, he reached the neighbourhood of Baker's lake, passing through the country of the Niam Niam, and visiting the unknown kingdom of Monbuttoo. As an explorer he stands in the highest rank, and deserves to be classed with Mungo Park, Denham, and Clapperton, Livingstone, Burton, Speke and Grant, Barth and Rohlfs. Two qualifications he possessed which no other African traveller can claim to have combined. He was a scientific botanist and an excellent draughtsman, while in these most necessary acquirements for a traveller others have been mere amateurs. If we are to sum up briefly the scientific results of his discoveries, we may say that by him the limits of the Nile Basin have been finally settled, the existence of a pigmy race in these regions, so much in dispute since the days of Herodotus, has been proved, while in the skin girdles of the Niam Niam and the Monbuttoo we see how the fable of a tail-bearing

race in Central Africa has arisen. That he found not one but several tribes incorrigible cannibals was to be expected; but his evidence on this fact outweighs, by its authority and gravity, the confused accounts of Du Challu. These, together with a great mass of geographical and ethnological discoveries, are what the scientific world owes to the endurance and learning of this most accomplished naturalist.

If it be asked how it was that Schweinfurth accomplished so much, while others in these regions have had such small success, the answer is ready. He did at Khartoum as they do at Khartoum. It is true that while at Alexandria and Cairo he armed himself with special orders from the prime minister of the viceroy, by which the governor of Khartoum was to superintend any contracts he might make with the merchants, and to take care that any obligations undertaken by any member of that body should be fulfilled; but his former experience of that place and its atmosphere had convinced Schweinfurth that if he was to penetrate into those regions west of the Nile, it must be by attaching himself to some one of those traders when proceeding on an ivory-expedition, who would then pass him on from tribe to tribe with which he had relations, and even accompany him himself on his adventurous journey. Government help might forward him just to the verge of the countries which he wished to explore, but beyond that point all travellers would be dependent on the merchants whose greed of gain led them as pioneers into those regions over which the regular government of Egypt had no control. The neglect of this alliance with the trading interest of Khartoum had caused the failure of many expeditions fitted out at a great sacrifice of life and money. We pass over the journey from Cairo to Khartoum, which was made like Baker by going by sea from Suez to Suakin on the Red Sea, and thence, cutting across the country to Berber on the Upper Nile. Suffice it to say that Schweinfurth reached Khartoum by boat on Nov. 1, 1868, and strong in his special recommendations of

the Egyptian government, and backed by the support of Herr Duisberg, the vice-consul of the North German Confederation, and, though last not least, by the powerful Djaffer Pacha, governor-general of the Soudan, proceeded to make his arrangements with the traders. In this indeed he had little choice. The governor-general settled it all, and fixed on Ghattas, an ivory-trader and Coptic Christian, as the traveller's guide into the regions of Western Africa. Truth to say, Ghattas would rather have declined the doubtful honour. If anything happened to the naturalist thus confided to his hands, he would have to answer for it, and as he was the richest of the ivory-traders, the government would "have the most legitimate reasons for proceeding to the confiscation of his estates." Well, therefore, in this part of his story does Schweinfurth call Ghattas "unlucky."

Our readers must bear with us if we tell them a little more about these ivory-traders, of whom Ghattas, the only Christian, by the way, among them was the chief. The trade, according to Schweinfurth, is in the hands of some six great, assisted by about twelve minor, merchants, and for some years the total value of the ivory exported from Khartoum has not exceeded 500,000 Maria Theresa dollars, and even that amount would decrease were it not that the traders year by year penetrate farther and farther into Central Africa. In this pursuit the traders, under the protection of an armed guard procured from Khartoum, have divided the vast regions in and about the Nile Basin among themselves by mutual understanding, and have established camps or depots, called *seribas* by Schweinfurth, and *Zareebas* by Baker, in the territory thus apportioned, in which each trader deposits his ivory, ammunition, goods for barter, and supplies of food. These camps are in fact palisaded villages in which the superintendents and subordinates of the traders permanently reside. Between these settlements and Khartoum the communication is kept open by annual expeditions, those up the Nile carrying goods for barter and stores, and those down stream bringing back that ivory which costs such immense trouble to procure, besides many a cargo of slaves. At this point we may make one remark on a question to which we shall return. If the ivory thus brought back, with infinite toil and expenditure both of labour and life, produces so little

when it is at last delivered at Khartoum why in the world do these traders continue to traffic in it? For 500,000 dollars can be a sum by no means equivalent to their trouble and outlay. In a word, the ivory-trade must be attended with other advantages, or it would no longer be worth the while of the traders to carry it on. But to return to our traveller. He was consigned, as we have seen, to Ghattas, and in the boats of that trader he was to begin his journey up the White Nile, and thence along the Gazelle River to the Meshera, where his river journey was to cease. Though the unlucky Ghattas had engaged for a substantial consideration to supply the traveller with the means of subsistence and to furnish him with bearers and a guard, as well as a boat for the river journey, Schweinfurth resolved to take with him six Nubians as his personal servants, who had already travelled with Petherick and other Europeans on the Upper Nile.

At length, all contracts and preparations over, the journey began on Jan. 5, 1869. On that day Schweinfurth started with thirty-two souls in his boat, eight of whom were boatmen, fifteen so-called soldiers as a guard, and two women slaves, whose hard lot it was to grind corn incessantly, a fact which we only mention to show how soon this institution of slavery, as the Americans used to call it, makes its appearance in African travel. The voyage up the White Nile has been frequently described; we pass rapidly therefore over this part of the expedition, and only pause at Fashoda in the Shillook country, where the Egyptian government had a governor or *mudir*, and a fort which, in 1869, was the *Ultima Thule* of Egyptian rule. Since then, in 1871, the whole Shillook country has been annexed to Egypt, which at the present moment is extending its rule by the conquest of Darfour under Gordon, the successor of Sir Samuel Baker. According to Schweinfurth, the Shillook country is one of the most densely peopled of the Nile regions, the inhabitants numbering more than a million souls, while in the boundless acacia forests the finest gum is produced in such quantities that a man might with the greatest ease collect a hundredweight in a day. Not once, however, did our botanist see any one engaged in that pursuit. As the Roman people clamoured alone for *panem et circenses*, so slaves and ivory are the sole articles demanded by Khartoum trade, and for them the most valuable gums and grain and oil and

drugs are entirely neglected. Above Fashoda one great difficulty of the White Nile began. They had passed the mouth of the Giraffe River, one of the affluents or channels of the White Nile to the east, when on February 6th Dr. Schweinfurth saw his first papyrus, an event which to him, botanist as he was, "elevated the day into a festival." On the same day he met for the first time a man to whom he was indebted more than any one else for his African discoveries; this was a Nubian, Mohammed Aboo Sammat by name, an ivory-trader bound up the Gazelle, who now joined Ghattas' expedition with a single boat. But though the first papyrus was a botanical festival to Schweinfurth it was the beginning of trouble to the sailors and traders, and to them was anything but a festival, marking as it did the commencement of those obstructions to Nile-navigation which both before and after Schweinfurth's journey have been so terrible to travellers. From whatever reason all the streams and channels of the Nile regions have been of late years periodically blocked by great rafts of river weeds, which so overgrow the stream that it dwindles away to the depth of a foot or two. Between these enormous rafts, which every year shift their position, there are lakes or oases of water, in which it is dammed up, until even on the main stream of the White Nile, as in Baker's expedition in 1870-71, no practicable channel was to be found, and he had to return foiled for a while, till at the end of the year he broke through these gigantic grass barriers, called by Schweinfurth the *Sett*, by almost superhuman exertions in which the combined efforts of his army were strained to the uttermost. Our naturalist's expedition was not foiled, and it did not find the *Sett* so terrible, but it was bad enough. "On February 8th," he writes, "began our actual conflict with this world of weeds. . . . The pilots were soon absolutely at a loss to determine by which channel they ought to proceed, and two hundred of our people, sailors and soldiers, were obliged to tug with ropes for hours together to pull through one boat after another." In this laborious fashion they toiled on for several days, and it was only by one of the side channels, called by the sailors, *Maia Signora*, because it was said to have been discovered in 1863 by the unfortunate Miss Tinné, that the expedition at last reached the mouth of the Gazelle River, which runs into the White Nile from the west. For this river and its affluents

Schweinfurth takes up the cudgels against Speke, who in 1863 called it an "unimportant branch;" nor is he quite satisfied with Baker, who "has spoken of its magnitude with great depreciation." For ourselves on this occasion we are Gallios, and care little whether the Blue Nile of Bruce, or the White Nile, or the Gazelle, or the Djoor, are the main stream; and we think Ismael Pacha was quite right when he said that "every fresh African traveller had his own private sources of the Nile." Dr. Schweinfurth, even while asserting the magnitude of the Gazelle, is not at all ashamed to confess that he has not found the sources of the Nile, and on ground where doctors differ we are afraid to tread.

More to our present purpose is the fact that after reaching the mouth of the Gazelle the difficulties of the grass barrier gradually ceased. The boats proceeded prosperously along the Gazelle till they reached the Meshera or "Landing-Place" *par excellence*, a settlement on an island amidst swamps and marshes about sixteen miles above the confluence of the Djoor River, another of those perplexing affluents, with the Gazelle. On this pestilential island, which had already proved fatal to many European explorers, Schweinfurth was doomed to spend the rest of February and the greater part of March waiting for the native bearers, who were to carry him and his effects to the chief *seriba* of Ghattas. It could not have added to his spirits to reflect that here amid these swamps had perished in 1863 no less than five out of nine European members of Miss Tinné's expedition, among whom was the German botanist Dr. Steudner; here too, just before Schweinfurth's arrival, had perished Le Saint, a naval officer sent out by the French Geographical Society; and here Heuglin had lost the greater part of his valuable time by continual relapses of fever. But there was a cheeriness of nature and an activity and energy of disposition in Schweinfurth which sustained his spirits. Instead of fretting at the delay he was indefatigable in investigating the ethnology and natural features of the country round the Meshera, which is inhabited by a branch of the great Dinka race, whose extreme outposts extend eastward towards the Egyptian borders of Upper Sennaar and whose tribes are counted by the hundred. While our traveller was there in 1866, the Dinkas round the Meshera acknowledged the supremacy of a woman, called Shol, a sort of

female Job, rich after the old patriarchal fashion in cattle. Her fate in a year or two was sad, as the reader will hear; but at p. 133 of his first volume Dr. Schweinfurth has depicted her in all her magnificence and ugliness. "My pen," he says, "fails to depict her repulsiveness. Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse, and wrinkled; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; she was utterly toothless; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass, and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and Heaven knows what lumber more. Such was old Shol." On all which we only ask what old Shol would have said had she seen some of our fine ladies, ancient women of fashion, in low dresses, their heads dressed up with ostrich feathers, and chains and beads and various trinkets around their wrinkled necks. Perhaps she would have said, "They are not so fine as I am, and they are just as ugly." So meet the extremes of fashion in every land. But besides his love of work our naturalist carried with him another receipt against African fever. In his former expeditions he had suffered so much from fever as to believe himself for that very reason fever-proof. At the very opening of his first volume he says:—

The chief drawback to my journey was the state of my health. I suffered from a disorganized condition of the spleen, which gave me some uneasiness and misgiving; yet after all it appeared to be just the key that had unlocked the secret of the unexampled good fortune of my journey. The numerous attacks of fever had probably reduced it to such a state of inactivity that it ceased to be affected by any miasma; or perhaps it had assumed the functions of a condenser so as to render the miasma innocuous. Anyhow, it seemed to perform services which I could not do otherwise than gratefully accept as a timely gift of Providence. As a farewell on my landing at Alexandria, I experienced one slight twinge from my malady, and then it was quiet; it did not reappear, even in the noxious swamps of the Upper Nile, which had been disastrous to so many of my predecessors. No recurrence of my disorder interrupted my activity or clouded my enjoyment; but, fever-free, I remained an exception among a hundred travellers.

What can be said of a traveller, who with boundless energy and cheerfulness derives strength and comfort from what

others would have considered the best ground for apprehension and dismay, but this, that with such a spirit he was pre-eminently fitted to brave exposure to a deadly climate, and to succeed in exploring a field which so many others before him had reached only to die when beholding it from afar?

And now, on March 25, 1869, behold our traveller starting from the Meshera with a caravan numbering five hundred persons, of whom the armed men amounted to two hundred. These were not all Ghattas' people, for the train was swollen by those of other traders who, on a six days' march through a notoriously hostile population, were anxious to combine for mutual support. Though the ivory-traders fight like game-cocks among themselves, and especially when one intrudes on the territory or beat of the other, they are always ready to act in concert against hostile tribes. In such a caravan the men of each trader are distinguished by a peculiar banner; Ghattas', as the only Christian, bearing a white flag on which were worked a crescent and St. Andrew cross. With the exception of a few who went on the backs of asses, one of which Schweinfurth wisely declined, the whole company went on foot, the baggage being borne on the heads of bearers, whether slaves or hired. Entirely on foot, our traveller began wanderings which lasted for more than two years, and extended over two thousand miles; and, while relating this, he makes the melancholy reflection that the elephant, the only animal by the aid of which Central Africa could be opened to civilization, is made to contribute towards her degradation, for he is literally exterminated by fire and sword, while his tusks, exchanged for slaves, only serve to make paper-knives, and knife-handles, and billiard-balls for Western Europe.* At first the sharp trot of the African bearers was very trying to our traveller, but he soon got used to it, and was able to keep up easily with the caravan, which proceeded at the rate of thirty miles a day till the one hundred and eighty miles between the Meshera and Ghattas' chief *seriba* or depot was reached without any attack from the Din-kas. At this spot, which lies between 7° and 8° of north latitude, about midway between the great rivers Djoor and

* It is stated by the editor of Livingstone's last journals that, taking the average weight of a pair of tusks at 28 lbs., the consumption of ivory imported into Great Britain alone would require the destruction of 44,000 elephants per annum.

Tondy, two of those Western Nile affluents which we have mentioned, Dr. Schweinfurth remained for some months. It was what may be called the mother settlement of nine smaller depots, and situated on the borders of three great tribes, the Dinka, the Dyoor, and the Bongos, it was admirably suited for the traffic both in slaves and ivory, and an excellent centre for Schweinfurth's scientific researches. The resident armed force, consisting almost entirely of natives of Dongola, was not much below two hundred and fifty men, and under their protection a number of Nubian and other slave-dealers had taken up their abode; it was a spot exactly suited for them too, for here it was that they completed their purchases of slaves in order to carry them on to Darfoor and Kordofan. Whatever might be said at Cairo, or even be denied by the authorities at Khartoum, here in Ghattas' chief *seriba*, it was useless to shut one's eyes to the fact that slaves were, even before ivory, the great staple of the district. At least half of the one thousand souls which the caravan found within the strong palisades of the *seriba* were slaves, either reserved for future traffic or divided among the soldiers as part of their pay; added to which all the hard household and domestic work was done by male and female slaves. Before we quit this part of our subject we may say that Ghattas' rule in the northern Bongo country extends over two hundred square miles, of which about forty-five in the immediate neighbourhood of the camps are under cultivation, the population of the whole being about twelve thousand men. This domain, which, as Schweinfurth remarks, would be worth millions of pounds in Europe, might be purchased at any time from its owner for about twenty thousand dollars, which he mentions as a proof of how little actual profit is made by expeditions fitted out at so much cost. Landed in a district so promising for his pursuits, Schweinfurth did not fret himself at the condition of the inhabitants. Here in Europe, and throughout his book, he, of course, is quite against the slave-trade, and ready to point out its baneful influence; but there in the Western Nile region, he came as a botanist, and instead of protesting against a necessary condition of existence, calmly followed up his favourite study. In fact, just where he then was, a man who declared that he would have nothing to do with slaves or slave-dealers would be considered as silly as a

man who insisted in London on breathing air without carbon in it. In unflinching good health our traveller occupied himself with excursions and in arranging the collections thus made. Thus, during several months, he traversed the districts between the Djoor and Tondy, and has much to tell us of the loveliness of the country as he saw it first after the early rains. In the course of these excursions he became well acquainted with the Dinkas, the Dyoors, and the Bongos, all races which, compared with the cannibal tribes beyond them, may be considered half-civilized; all are subtle workers in iron, having fixed abodes and great herds; all however are destined, in our author's opinion, to extermination before the slave-trade, which seeks in them its chief victims, as well as before the dangerous protection of Egypt.

At the beginning of September 1869, the naturalist was enabled to despatch to the Meshera the treasures which he had collected, and which now adorn the Museum at Berlin. Thus forty packages were sewn up in hides and smeared with a kind of caoutchouc which covered them with a varnish impenetrable either to rats or insects; so that having been twelve months on the way they reached Europe in perfect safety. Having exhausted that botanical region, Schweinfurth pined for further discoveries, and having sucked Ghattas' country dry, prepared to advance farther into the interior towards the south. In this plan he found an unexpected and a most welcome ally in that chivalrous Nubian Mohammed Abou Sammat, whose boat had joined them on the White Nile, who had since kept up his intimacy with the traveller while he was under the guardianship of Ghattas, sending him not only skins and plants, but flocks of sheep, and whose generosity now reached its climax in a most magnificent offer to convey the traveller, free of all charge, into the inmost recesses of Central Africa. A native of Dar Kenoos, in his way he was a little hero. Sword in hand he had vanquished various districts large enough to have formed small states in Europe. A merchant full of enterprise, he avoided no danger and was sparing neither of trouble nor of sacrifice. "Yet all the while," adds Schweinfurth, "he had the keenest sympathy with learning, and would travel through the remotest countries at the bidding of science to see the wonders of the world." In the matter of slaves, however, we have no doubt that

he was as arrant a dealer as even Aboo Saood, the pet aversion of Sir Samuel Baker. Such was the man who now offered his protection to Schweinfurth, and in spite of the remonstrances of Idrees, Ghattas' chief agent at the *seriba*, who declared that the traveller would be starved to death in those wildernesses, and that then the firm would be held responsible for his death, Schweinfurth had little hesitation in throwing in his lot with the Nubian who was to guide him into unknown regions of botanical research, especially when he considered that if he continued his travels with Ghattas it would cost him some thousand dollars, while with Aboo Sammat he would travel free. Having made up his mind, Schweinfurth joined the caravan of his new friend at Kulongo, near the Tondy, with his six Nubians, three slaves, and an interpreter, his baggage being cut down to thirty-six packages. Then on November 17, 1869, the whole caravan, two hundred and fifty in number, crossed the Tondy, then in full flood, by swimming and wading, the baggage being carried over on a great raft of straw, the stream being about two hundred feet wide. They were now bound south-east for Sabby, the chief *seriba* of Aboo Sammat, which they reached on the 23rd of November, at the latitude of 6° 20m. north. There Schweinfurth was received with Oriental hospitality and respect, so that the natives, when they saw Aboo Sammat providing the stranger with a palanquin for every brook, and even with cows that he might "have new milk," said, "This white man is a lord over all the Turks," a superiority which, continued into the Niam Niam and Monbuttoo tribes, contributed not a little to the success of his journey. While the Nubian, who, besides his quarrels with the natives, had an old feud with one Shereefee, a rival ivory-trader, was looking after his interests in that district, Schweinfurth explored the country and enriched his collections. Now he became acquainted with the Mittoo country, and its fauna and flora, and after meeting Aboo Sammat at an outlying *seriba*, on January 7, 1870, he prepared for his journey into the country of the hostile and cannibal Niam Niam. Before starting, however, the adventurous Nubian held a review of his force to strike awe into the natives whom he had laid under contribution; and it must be admitted that his method of proceeding and style of speaking were most effective. His people, numbering five hun-

dred, were divided into groups according to their tribes, and with each of these, now arrayed as a savage with lance and shield, now with bow and arrow, the indefatigable Nubian danced from morning till night; now taking the character and dress of a Bongo, now as a Mittoo, now as a Niam Niam, and now as a Monbuttoo. This scene, which shows that dancing is as common to the tribes of Central Africa as it is in Dahomey and Ashantee, was followed by a gathering of chiefs to whom Aboo Sammat delivered a terrible oration. He did not want their women and children, nor their corn, but he must insist on the regular transport of provisions to his expedition and on a proper system of bearers. "If one of the bearers runs away or throws down his load, I will tear out his eyes; and if a package is stolen," turning to the chief, "I will have your head." Here he brandished a huge scimitar, like Blue Beard, over the head of his intended victim. Proceeding, he warned two other chiefs that a rival trader's people had lately come into that district, and carried off two elephants, but that this could not be allowed, or if it happened again they should pay for it in their lives. "If any ivory is taken by any one of you to a strange *seriba*, I will have him burnt alive." If they ran away into caves he would smoke them with cayenne pepper — *à la Pélissier* — till they crawled out and begged for mercy. This and much more of the same sort convinced Schweinfurth, as it must convince every one, that ivory-dealing in Central Africa has its rough as well as its smooth side, and that this chivalrous Nubian, so gentle and so scientific, was, when his blood was up, as great a cut-throat as any pirate that ever sailed under the black flag.

On January 14th, the whole caravan returned to Sabby, and in a fortnight more, which Schweinfurth spent in making up his diary and providing for the transmission of his fresh treasures to Europe, the bulk of the caravan started for the Niam Niam. As this journey would have been impossible except by the aid of the Nubian, Schweinfurth is quite right to say that all the museums of Europe which have been enriched by his collections owe an endless debt of gratitude to Aboo Sammat. This was one of the occasions on which it was prudent for the ivory-dealers to combine, and so the caravan was swollen by a number of Ghattas' people, besides which it was followed by a whole troop of

women and female slaves, with a crowd of negro lads who followed the soldiers to carry their equipments. It is no easy matter to marshal more than eight hundred people in single file, and thus it was late on the first day when they reached the arid steppes of a wilderness which they were to cross. With little incident they proceeded south for some days bound for the territory of one Nganye, a Niam Niam chief, who, though the tribe was generally hostile, was a friend of the Nubian. At his settlement they arrived after crossing the Ibba, or Upper Tondy, then about one hundred feet broad, and Schweinfurth's eyes were gladdened with the first sight of the cannibal Niam Niam; "with their black poodle crops of black hair and the eccentric tufts and pigtailed on their heads, they afforded a spectacle," he says, "which to me was infinitely novel and amusing. Amongst the hundreds of Bongos and Mittoos with whom the Dinkas were associated as drovers, these creatures stood out like beings of another world." Botanically, the chief feature of that region was the "*popukky*" grass, a species of *panicum*, the tallest and strongest our traveller had ever seen—fifteen feet high and with a haulm as thick as a man's finger, it affords the Niam Niam an excellent material for their huts, and is the haunt of those herds of elephants, who when the grass is set on fire perish by thousands—their brown and blackened tusks attesting the cruel war of extermination which is waged against this noble beast, and which threatens to extinguish the race as completely as that of the Dodo or the Great Awk.

After an interview with Nganye, who, with all his people, was most curious to see the white man, the caravan proceeded across his territory to an outlying *seriba* of the Nubians, called Nabambasso, in lat. 4° 50s. N., about eighty-seven miles due south of Sabby. To reach it they crossed a river called the Sway, which, according to Schweinfurth, is the upper course of the Djoor. At this *seriba* he remained from the 10th to the 26th of February, 1870. After again enriching his collections, the caravan started, and this time on hostile ground, for was not Wando, a great Niam Niam chief, at feud with Aboo Sammat? Schweinfurth had now been long enough among the Niam Niam to form some opinion of their character and customs. Though confirmed cannibals, and that from pure choice and no lack of other

food, he is bound to admit that, with this drawback, they are rather a pleasant race than otherwise. The men brave and honest, and devoted to their domestic duties; behaviour which is repaid by their women by a modesty and constancy which places the tribe far above the usual standard of the Monbuttoo and other neighbouring tribes. To judge from the representations of the race which we find in these volumes, we should say that the Niam Niam are far handsomer in features and much more gentle in expression than any of the races which we find there delineated. Their aprons and girdles of skins, with the tails hanging down behind, have probably led to the fable of an African tail-bearing race. Of all the Central-African tribes, except perhaps the Monbuttoo, the Niam Niam have the most fantastic fashions of dressing their hair, so much so that we recommend some of the head-dresses and hair-dressing in these volumes to such of our *coiffeurs* who have the ambition of introducing a new style for our fine ladies.

But however interesting these Niam Niam may be, we must hasten on with Schweinfurth till we land him close to the settlement of the ferocious Wando, once Aboo Sammat's friend and father-in-law, but now his bitterest enemy, who had sworn, according to the testimony of one of his brothers, that if Mbahly or "the Little One," which was the Nubian's nickname in Central Africa, fell into his hands this time he should not escape, but be annihilated with all his crew, even down to the white man whom he was bringing with him. As this was not a pleasant position of affairs, our readers will be relieved to learn that not only was Wando's wrath assuaged for the time by the address and courage of the Nubian, but that this ferocious potentate actually condescended to pay the traveller a visit in his tent. There, with a composure and self-possession which no European prince could have surpassed, the corpulent savage threw himself into the traveller's only cane chair, making it creak with his bulk. In it, with the merest apology of a piece of skin to cover him, he sat in all but absolute nakedness, "revealing the exuberance of fat which clothed his every limb." And here let us not omit to record one great point in Wando's favour. Among a race of cannibals, he was the avowed enemy of the practice. What induced him to abandon human food is not known; perhaps he

had had a surfeit, perhaps he was *banting* in his African fashion. Whatever were the reasons, there was the fact.

I was informed [says Schweinfurth] in several quarters, that people from the neighbouring districts had come to him when they found themselves growing too fat, and had declared that they did not consider their lives safe on account of the man-eaters by whom they were surrounded. But this sentiment of the chief-tain did not appear to exercise much influence on the majority of his subjects, as we only too soon became aware as we advanced farther to the south.

Which mention of fat again reminds us that farther on in his book Dr. Schweinfurth, gravely discussing the question whether a white man—strong in that charmed life which most African tribes suppose him to possess—could pass alone safely to the West Coast—decides it in the affirmative, “if the traveller were not too fat;” for fatness, whether in black or white, makes all cannibal tribes lick their lips and rub their abdomens, like that well-known New-Caledonian chief who being asked if he had seen a corpulent Australian colonist, named Boyd, who had been wrecked on his coast said nothing but “Massa Boyd, him berry fat man,” significantly patting at the same time that cavity of his person into which the unhappy colonist had descended.

The visit of the corpulent and bellicose Wando gave Schweinfurth an opportunity of protesting against the want of hospitality with which he had been received. His dogs he declared had been better treated by the Nubians than he himself by Wando, though Wando called himself a king. When Wando remonstrated, Schweinfurth to give him a lesson dashed his fist against a camp-table till all the plates and cups rattled, and at the same moment the traveller's servants took the unhappy Wando to task, and threatened him with speedy and certain vengeance if he suffered a Frank to come to the least harm. They charged him not to forget that it was a Frank he was dealing with, “who could make the earth yawn and give out flames that would consume his land.” No wonder that after this warning the Niam Niam king hastened home and sent the traveller some unsavoury fleshpots containing a ragout made out of the “entrails of an elephant two hundred years old.” The relations between Wando and the Nubian were still too critical to admit of any longer stay in his territory than was absolutely necessary; the fire so lately

quenched might break out at any moment and was merely smouldering; they hastened on therefore, thereby, as it proved, avoiding a collision, bent on proceeding still farther south into Monbut-too land, where the Nubian had a firm friend and ally in the king of the country.

It was in the Niam Niam country that Schweinfurth at first suspected, and then became gradually sure, that he had passed the watershed of the Nile Basin, and had entered into a region in which the rivers ran south to the Atlantic. All the way from the Gazelle the country had presented a monotony of geological conformation, in which the surface of the soil was composed of a red ochreous earth, rich in bog or swamp iron ore, which had been moulded into valleys and hills by the action of the streams which traversed it east and west, at last to unite in the Nile. But here in the heart of the Niam Niam country he passed a rough and rugged upland forest region, on one side of which the waters ran north towards the Nile Basin, while on the other they ran south, and away from it. At the same time the flora and fauna of the new region underwent a change. The chimpanzee, unknown in the Nile Basin, roamed in the woods, which opened out into large galleries of *Pandanus* and other trees, equally wanting on the other side of the watershed. It was on March 1, 1870, so far as we can gather, that at an elevation marked by his trusty aneroid as three thousand feet, Schweinfurth on the banks of a stream called the Lindukoo crossed, the first of Europeans coming from the north, the watershed of the Nile. The word “galleries,” advisedly used by Schweinfurth after the term applied to these openings in the woods by the Italian Piaggia, who first of all set foot on Niam Niam soil, is singularly appropriate to these primeval forests. There on slopes of earth saturated with water like an overfull sponge, a wealth of vegetation springs up, which, on either side of old furrows formed by the watercourses, rises in tall trees more than one hundred feet high. Their gigantic trunks are covered with brilliant creepers, which form the walls of these galleries which run along and across the terraces of the hills at different levels, as though cut by the hand of a landscape-gardener. The reader must imagine for himself how a botanist like our traveller revelled in such a scene, and how day after day he discovered fresh plants, or found others hitherto supposed to be confined to

America flourishing in Central Africa. At every halt it was his practice to quit the camp and wander through the forest, bringing back with him quantities of plants; but as the savage Niam Niam, who was his interpreter, informed the natives, it was not science but hunger which drove this mysterious white man into the woods, where dismissing his attendants, he used to gather and devour enormous heaps of leaves. At this the wise men of the tribe would shake their heads and remark that it must be true, for while they were starving for hunger, "*Mbarikpa*," or the "Leaf-eater" as they nicknamed him, invariably came out of the forest with an exhilarated expression and a satiated look. Much in the same way David Douglas, who gave his name to the magnificent Douglas Pine, and who was gored to death in California by a wild bull, or lost in a wolf-trap, was known among the North-American Indians as "the Grass-man." On another occasion when the Monbuttoo saw Schweinfurth's anxiety to collect skulls for his anatomical museum they were sure that he was a sorcerer who extracted a subtle poison from those bones; while everywhere throughout his journey it was not so much the colour of his skin as his long hair, which in their eyes gave him a supernatural look, that most excited the surprise of the natives.

An object thus at once of respect, admiration, and awe, Schweinfurth passed with the adventurous Nubian out of the Niam Niam country and arrived at the court of King Munza, in Monbuttoo land, a potentate who was anxiously expecting the coming of his friend and ally, for were not his storehouses filled full of ivory, the booty of a whole year's hunting, to be exchanged for the red copper which would then flow into the royal treasury? On March 22, 1870, Schweinfurth had audience of the king at his palace, situated midway between the third and fourth degrees of north latitude, some miles beyond the Welle, a mighty stream which flows towards the Atlantic, and is quite beyond the limits of the Nile Basin. In a solemn suit of black with heavy Alpine boots which he wore so constantly that the natives thought he used them to conceal his feet, which were those of a goat, Schweinfurth awaited the arrival of King Munza. His rifles and revolver and his inevitable cane chair were borne before him by his Niam Niam squires, while his Nubian servants carried the presents reserved for his Monbuttoo

majesty. The hall in which the interview took place was a hundred feet long, forty high, and fifty broad, while the bold arch of the vaulted roof was supported on pillars formed from the straight stems of trees; the spars and rafters and sides of the building being composed entirely of the leaf-stalks of the wine-palm *Raphia vinifera*. The floor was a hard red clay plaster, as firm and smooth as asphalt; here in England it would form an excellent skating-rink, but there in Central Africa it was a noble hall of audience for a king. With a blare of trumpets and the dub-dubbing of kettledrums, King Munza, came, the monarch whose daily food was human flesh. He was about forty, of fair height, slim but powerful build, and like the rest of his countrymen erect in figure. Though by no means ugly, and with a thoroughly Caucasian nose, which contrasted strongly with his negro lips, his features were by no means prepossessing, and his expression was a combination of "avarice, violence, and cruelty." With great self-control this cannibal king, who was attended by Aboo Sammat, and a crowd of courtiers and wives, at first took no notice of the white man, whom he was so anxious to see, and when he did condescend to recognize his existence, and asked him questions through an interpreter, the conversation was most commonplace and languished on account of the king's taciturnity. Even the presents, which consisted of a piece of black cloth, a telescope, a silver platter, a porcelain vase, a piece of carved ivory, a book with gilt edges, a double mirror which both reduced and magnified objects, and though last not least thirty necklaces of Venetian glass beads, though they excited the applause of Munza's fifty wives, and though regarded with attention by the king, were received with no approbation, and at last exhausted by hunger, Schweinfurth retired from the presence of this *nil admirari* monarch with the conviction that no sovereign of the West could surpass King Munza in the gift of self-possession. When he departed the king asked what return he could make the traveller, who modestly demanded a river-hog, *potamo-chærus*, and a chimpanzee, which Munza gave his royal word that he should have, and as royally never kept it. If we are asked in what the riches of this king consisted, we answer at once, in copper. With that his treasury was filled, and with copper ornaments the royal person was so covered on that day that he

shone all over like a *batterie de cuisine*, and in his hand he held a strange sickle-shaped scimitar of that metal as though it were a sceptre. Iron and copper are the only metals known in that country, and the Monbuttoos look on them as silver and gold are regarded by us; the only remark that was elicited by the presentation of the silver platter being that it was white iron. With these views of the precious metals, it will be readily conceived at what advantage Aboo Sammat traded with this wily king. It was well worth his while to barter half a bar of copper, worth four or five dollars at most, for a huge elephant's tusk, which on an average realizes in Europe two or three dollars a pound, and on these terms the Nubian continued to deal with the king till his store of ivory was exhausted. These business dealings were relieved by royal visits from King Munza and his wives, and by a court-ball in honour of a great victory gained by Mummery, the king's brother and general, over the Monvoo, a tribe to the south. There is not much dancing, as is well known, at our court-balls, but in Monbuttoo land only one person danced, and that was the king himself. There in a noble hall of the palace, Schweinfurth saw him dancing before his eighty wives clothed in nothing but paint of different patterns, and his courtiers and great officers of state. As the king danced the gongs and kettledrums accompanied him, and his wives clapped their hands. The king was chastely attired; on his head he wore the skin of a great black baboon, and atop of it a plume of feathers; on his wrists and arms he had the tails of genets and guinea-hogs, and around his loins he bore an apron of the tails of other animals, while countless rings rattled upon his naked legs. As for his dancing, it was furious; "his arms dashed in every direction but still keeping time; while his legs exhibited the contortions of an acrobat's, being at one moment stretched out horizontally to the ground, and at the next pointed upwards and elevated in the air." No dancing dervish ever spun round so madly; and so the royal dancer went on for hours with very slight pauses of rest. How long it would have lasted no one could tell, when fortunately a hurricane of wind, and torrents of rain, and thunder and lightning came on, and King Munza, vanquished by the elements, abandoned the hall.

All this occupied three weeks, during

which Schweinfurth was indefatigable in his researches, not only into Monbuttoo land but into the regions, beyond it farther to the south. On these points, as well as into the polity and government of the Monbuttoo dynasty, which is practically a despotism based on a monopoly of trade, these volumes contain most reliable information which makes them the most valuable contributions to African discovery which we have ever read. Geographically his suspicion that the Welle had its outlet into the Atlantic was rendered a certainty during his residence in that district, and ethnologically he ascertained the existence a few days beyond the Monbuttoo borders of a race of pigmies which has haunted history since the day of Herodotus. Not only did he see a colony of this race settled near King Munza's palace, as well as a whole regiment of them in his service, but he actually exchanged a dog which King Munza fancied for a pigmy boy, named Tikkitikki, whom he brought with him as far as Berber on the Nile, where he fell a victim to a dysentery engendered by his insatiable gluttony. At the same time in these Akkas, as they call themselves, our traveller sees only another branch of the race of Bushmen on the shores of the Atlantic, whom he regards as the primeval African race which has disappeared before the inroads and extension of other more civilized tribes. Very remarkable is the fact that as the traveller in Central Africa proceeds south he finds the people less nomadic and more inclined to regular rule, and therefore to civilization. King Munza and his chiefs and great officers of state and hosts of wives, all painted in different patterns, cannibals though they be, form a polity much more approaching a regular government than the Dinkas, the Mittoos, the Bongos, and even the Niam Niam. On these and many other most interesting points we must refer our readers to these volumes themselves; suffice it to say that after having collected great masses of plants, and a whole heap of human skulls and bones, many of them just fresh from the Monbuttoo cooking-pots, our traveller and his Nubian friend were ready to push on farther south, the gallant Nubian declaring that he would guide Schweinfurth to the world's end. Unfortunately, however, there were obstacles in the way, and a lion in the path, in the person of King Munza, who had no notion of allowing Aboo Sammat to enter into commercial relations with any tribe beyond his

own territory. Against this fixed determination all their efforts failed, and on April 12, 1870, the traders and the traveller left the royal residence, taking the little Tikkitikki with them, who, little savage that he was, howled awfully, not, as Schweinfurth thought, at parting with his family, but because he was quite sure they were only taking him with them to kill and eat him by the way. As soon as he was reassured on this point, and found that he was fed on the best of everything, he became quite resigned, and went on overeating himself till he died.

On their return to the north, the travellers found it not so easy to get out of the Monbuttoo country as into it. As soon as they reached Wando's country they found him as implacable as ever, and for some time they had to fight their way through a hostile country, Aboo Sammat himself receiving a dangerous wound, in spite of which he continued to show the most determined bravery. When they had defeated Wando, Schweinfurth was left at the *seriba* on Nabambasso for some weeks while the Nubian was adjusting further differences with the natives sword in hand; and then the starvation which Ghattas' people had predicted nearly overtook him. Visions of pale ale and beefsteaks rose before his disordered vision, as they had done to Baker's, and had it not been for the unctuous insects in a great ant-hill which they devoured fried, they would not have been able to keep body and soul together. At length the rains fell and the roots grew, and the Nubian returned victorious from his campaign. Then they made another start north, and, passing through Nganye's friendly country, though again suffering from hunger, they crossed the Tondy on a rude suspension bridge, and Schweinfurth at last arrived at the *seriba* of Kulongo on the borders of Ghattas' country, whence he had started with Aboo Sammat eight months before. This was in July 1870, and there, after completing his journals and arranging his collections, our traveller was on the eve of beginning another journey into the Niam Niam country — where we may observe that he would most certainly have perished, and as probably been eaten, since the whole expedition was cut off — when a terrible calamity overtook him, and rendered him powerless to penetrate farther into Central Africa. From Kulongo Schweinfurth had moved to Ghattas' head *seriba*, where he had spent so

much time the year before, and here, on December 1, 1870, a conflagration broke out which consumed the whole camp.

I had saved little beyond my life [he says]; I had lost all my clothes, my guns, and the best part of my instruments. I was without tea and without quinine. . . . All my preparations for my projected expedition; all the produce of my recent journey; all the entomological collections that I had made; all my examples of native industry; all my registers of meteorological events, in which I had inscribed some 7,000 barometrical observations; all my journals with the detailed narrative of the transactions of 825 days; all my measurements of the natives, and all my vocabularies; everything was gone in a single hour, the plunder of the flames.

It was indeed fortunate that a great part of his anatomical and botanical collections had been already despatched to Europe, and that science has been thus immeasurably enriched by the discoveries of this accomplished naturalist; but it is no less heart-rending to imagine the position of such a man, so full of energy and devotion to science, standing alone, as it were, in Central Africa, without shoes, or clothes, or arms, or ammunition, or instruments, or even paper to preserve his specimens; without a watch to reckon the time, or a barometer to register the weather. Many a man would have sunk under such a calamity; but Schweinfurth was equal to the occasion. Amid the ruins of his hut he discovered ink and the materials for writing and drawing. He soon made up his mind that the footsteps of a man are a much more accurate standard of measurement than those of a beast, and for the remainder of his travels he carefully counted his steps, and ascertained with a patience which none but a German would have exhibited, that in the six months during which he remained in Africa, before he re-embarked at the pestilential Meshera, he had made a million and a quarter of steps. On his travels during that period we will not dwell. They afforded him abundant proof of the fact that in those regions the institution of slavery was indigenous, and not to be extirpated by any one expedition of a reluctant government, or by stopping up one branch of the Nile to the traders who find it so profitable. We shall return, farther on, to the consideration of this question. As a traveller devoted to science, Schweinfurth took things as he found them, and made the best and the most of them. He is loud in his abhorrence of slavery, yet he had slaves as his

servants, and his own people were stopped and nearly confiscated by the governor of Khartoum on their return, for having been concerned, like all the rest of the world, in the traffic; for, unknown to their master, they had a little venture of their own in human flesh. And for that matter, what were the two Niam Niam, whom Schweinfurth brought back with him, and little Tikkitikki himself, whom he exchanged for a dog, but the slaves of the traveller himself? Again, as to the cannibalism which he found rampant among the Niam Niam and farther south, though Schweinfurth abhorred it and rarely ventured to eat anything unctuous, except ants, lest the grease should be human fat, he accepted it as another institution, and readily availed himself of the fleshpots of the Niam Niam and Monbuttoos to enrich his anatomical collections, taking credit to himself for rescuing these poor remains of humanity from an ignoble oblivion in Central Africa, to attain a kind of immortality when numbered and catalogued in the Museum at Berlin. We have perused his book with the greatest interest, and part from him with regret. On June 26, 1871, he embarked at the Meshera, when we are sorry to say he heard that poor old Shol, the Lady Bountiful of the swamps, had been barbarously murdered in his absence by some Nubian marauders. After a prosperous voyage down the Gazelle and through the grass barrier, he reached Khartoum on July 21st. On August 9th he departed for Berber and Suakin, and on September 30th landed at Suez. By November 3rd he reached Messina, and was thus once more on the soil of Europe after an absence of three years and four months. As we write we are glad to hear that Dr. Schweinfurth has been appointed by the khedive director of the Museum of Natural History at Cairo.

Of very different character is the other work to which we now direct the reader's attention. Our German naturalist for the sake of science shut his eyes to many iniquities and abominations, and even made use of them to further his researches; but Sir Samuel Baker's volumes breathe but one spirit from beginning to end, and that is the extermination of the slave-trade on the Upper Nile. On his former journeys, as described in "The Albert Nyanza," and "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," the prevalence of the traffic had so shocked his sense of humanity, and so convinced him that

nothing could be done for the material or moral improvement of Central Africa till the slave-trade was extinguished, that he joyfully accepted the command of an expedition organized by the khedive in council, for the purpose, as was expressly stipulated in the firman, "of suppressing the slave-trade and introducing a system of regular commerce," which could only be done, as another article of the firman expresses it, by "subduing to the khedive's authority the countries situated to the south of Gondokoro." The supreme command of this expedition was accordingly confided to Sir Samuel White Baker for four years, commencing from the 1st of April, 1869; to whom was also given in as many words "the most absolute and supreme power—even that of death—over all those who may compose the expedition." Of this expedition it will be sufficient to say that, so far as its commander was concerned, nothing was left undone to ensure its success. Three steamers, and two steel lifeboats by the best English makers, were ordered to be so constructed that they could be carried across the Nubian Desert on camels in plates and sections. These being completed, the commander, now raised to the rank of pacha, started with an English staff, of whom Lieut. Julian Baker, his nephew, was the chief, and accompanied by his wife, the inseparable companion of his travels, he reached Khartoum by way of Suakin early in January, 1870. During this time the whole expedition which, when it reached Khartoum, should have consisted of nine steamers and fifty-five sailing-vessels containing more than 1,600 men, should have been already on its way; but on reaching that emporium of the Upper Nile Baker soon found that his undertaking was very unpopular, that every one was against it, and that every good Mohammedan in the place was convinced that it would be quite right to coalesce against an expedition commanded by a Christian avowedly to annihilate the slave-trade upon which Khartoum existed. In fact, as Baker expresses it, "the khedive in the north issued orders which were neutralized in the south by his own authorities." At last, after infinite trouble, the whole fleet, with the exception of the steel steamers from England, which, under the care of Mr. Higginbotham, the chief engineer, had then only reached Berber on the Nile, started on February 8, 1870, by which time eight months of the first of the four years during which Baker was to com-

mand had already expired. All went pretty well in their journey up the White Nile, till they reached the *Sett* or grass barrier, which we have already described as blocking up the entrance to the Gazelle River in Schweinfurth's journey. Baker's expedition found the obstacles on the Giraffe channel of the White Nile still worse than those on the western branch, and even the steamers were unable to force their way through the water vegetation. After many efforts to break through the barrier, on April 3rd Baker reluctantly gave the order to return, and on the 19th of the month reached a point near Fashoda on the White Nile in the Shillook country which we have already described in our account of Schweinfurth's discoveries. There at a spot to which he gave the name of Tewfikéyah, he built a camp, in which he remained till December 11, 1870, to the great annoyance of the *mudir* or governor of Fashoda, whose connivance at the slave-trade was soon detected by Baker, who confiscated the slaves and thwarted him and the slave-traders with whom he was in league in various ways; but all this time, so far as the purposes of the expedition were concerned, was wasted by the lateness of the start the year before, a year and nine months of the four years having now expired. At this camp on August 9, 1870, Baker received, by way of the Gazelle River, a letter from Schweinfurth who, quite unknown to him, had "the extreme courtesy and generosity to entrust" him "with all the details of his geographical observations collected in his journey in the Western Nile Basin." The delay and obstacles both material and moral which he had encountered thus far rendered it absolutely necessary for Baker to return to Khartoum, where he accordingly arrived on September 21, to the astonishment of the governor and population, who fondly believed that the expedition aimed against the great staple of the place must now be abandoned. But Baker had only returned to be the better able to pounce on his enemies, the ivory and slave traders of the Soudan. The supreme command entrusted to him by the khedive was practically much limited south of Gondokoro by a contract entered into by the governor-general of Khartoum and the house of Agad, which gave that trader the monopoly of the ivory-trade in the regions north of Gondokoro till April 1872. So long as the slave-traders were masters of the position north of that point, it was useless in Ba-

ker to proceed with his conquests to the south, for the slave-traders and their allies and armed force would be between him and his base of operations. Though Baker was bound to admit the validity of this contract up to the time mentioned, it was settled at the divan of the governor-general that after that date he should "assume the monopoly of the ivory-trade in the name of the khedive throughout those regions north of Gondokoro in which Agad was now virtually independent;" and this solemn agreement was signed not only by Agad himself but also by his son-in-law and agent, and afterwards on the death of Agad his successor, one Aboo Saood, a man who ever afterwards was Baker's *bête noire*, and to whom as the representative of the slave-traders he ascribes all the trouble, peril, and disasters to which the expedition was exposed. But there before the governor-general nothing could have been more submissive than Aboo Saood's behaviour, and he vowed fidelity to Baker and the khedive, and offered material assistance in terms so extravagant as to awaken suspicion.

Returning from Khartoum Baker started with his expedition early in December, and having cut and forced his way through the *Sett*, which was nearly as dense as it had been early in the year, but still not quite impenetrable, he at last arrived at his headquarters at Gondokoro, in 4° 54s. N. lat., on April 15, 1871, when more than two years of the period of his command had expired. This place, about fourteen hundred miles by the river from Khartoum, was well known to Baker from his former journeys. It had then been the seat of an Austrian missionary station, who had planted lemons and other fruit-trees, which were still flourishing; but the missionaries themselves had died, and the natives had destroyed their house. Soon after his arrival he renamed it Ismailia, in honour of the khedive, and fondly hoped that the old name would vanish before the new. The natives in those parts were Baris, a tribe which occupies a district about ninety miles long and seventy broad, and was now governed by a sheik called Allorron. It did not take Baker, with his knowledge of the African character, long to discover that the Baris and their chief were decidedly hostile to the expedition; and this attitude he ascribes to the machinations of Aboo Saood, who saw in the extinction of the Agad contract the year after the ruin of the house of which he was the

representative. Against this trader Baker does not scruple to lay the charge of a determination to make the khedive's expedition a failure, even if it resulted in the extermination of the commander and his troops. It was in vain, therefore, that Baker cleared ground, and sowed seeds, and laid out gardens; he and his men were in danger of starving in the midst of plenty, for the Baris would neither bring corn nor cattle into the camp. It added much to his trouble that several of his subordinates, and a great many of his troops, were in their hearts averse from the service on which they were engaged; so that besides his outward enemies, Baker had to be ever on his guard against a secret foe. There can be no doubt of this fact, or of the hostility of Aboo Saood, and it is clear that Baker would never have surmounted the difficulties of his position had it not been for the heroism of his wife, the devotion of his nephew and the rest of the Europeans, and the bravery and fidelity of his picked corps of forty-six men, armed with Snider rifles and commanded by one of Baker's aides-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, who had distinguished himself in Mexico in the army of Bazaine. Called at first the "Forty Thieves" from their light-fingered propensities, this body-guard became, under the strict discipline which Baker enforced, as remarkable for honesty and morality as they were for courage, and with them and them alone their commander fought his way through thousands of savages, and ultimately returned victorious over all his foes. The campaign on which Baker now entered divides itself into two parts. The first, in which he routed the Baris in the districts round Gondokoro, and, in spite of the opposition of Aboo Saood, who worked like a mole underground, finally reduced them to submission. In the course of these operations he carried off the corn and cattle of the natives, deposed their hostile sheik Allorron and set up another in his stead, and sustained a series of attacks and surprises by night which were all foiled by his own energy and the bravery of his bodyguard. It was not till the month of December of 1871 that this first portion of his campaign came to an end. The authority of the khedive had been established in the basin of the White Nile north of Gondokoro; numbers of slaves had been detected, confiscated, and set free, in the *seribas* of the ivory-traders; and, in a word, Baker thought himself justified in believing that the ex-

tingtion of the slave-trade in those regions was in a fair way of being accomplished. But besides these philanthropic results, the firman contained clauses for the extension of the khedive's dominions to the south; and perhaps, if it had been put plainly to that potentate and his divan, it would have been found that this was their main object in organizing the expedition, and that the extinction of the traffic which Baker had so much at heart was not so very dear to them after all. At any rate, there the acquisition of territory stood in Baker's bond, and, with his adventurous nature, he set himself to the task as soon as his work round Gondokoro was done.

By this time the expedition had been upwards of twelve months without communication with Khartoum, and, indeed, Baker's most constant cause of complaint against the Egyptian government was that they neither answered his letters nor sent him supplies. The soldiers were in rags and without pay, and on December 14th would come the great Mohammedan holiday, called the Ume-el-ete, when every one was expected to be smart. On the 13th, with a happy generosity, Baker, out of his own magazines, was able to serve out new clothing to the officers and 212 men, whom he intended to carry with him to the south of Gondokoro into the country of that Kamrasi whom he had known on his previous expeditions. At the same time the wives of the men were attired in gaudy clothing, and thus the festival passed off with general good-humour. All his preparations for his onward march having been completed, Baker, on January 22, 1872, started with 212 men up the White Nile to annex Central Africa to Egypt, leaving behind him at Gondokoro 340 men, together with his English engineers, who were to put together the steamers which had been brought thus far in pieces during his absence. Thus his force of sixteen hundred men had been reduced to 552 all told. On January 27th, the expedition arrived at the cataracts of the White Nile in north latitude 4° 38s., where they left their vessels, and were met by one Bedden, a Bari chief and old friend of Baker's, who it was hoped would provide them with bearers for the sixty miles between that point and Loboré. Much to the surprise of Baker this old friend, when asked for at least two thousand bearers, ungratefully refused to supply them. Neither he nor his people had ever worked as bearers "for the Turks,"

and they would not begin now. If any readers should think that two thousand bearers were rather more than were needed to carry the effects and baggage of 212 men, let them know that there was a steamer in parts and artillery, and we know not what besides, to carry, all which had to be left behind owing to this laziness of the Bari chief and his people. Thus foiled, Baker again divided his expedition, leaving 120 men under Major Abdallah in a camp by the river, sending the English engineers back to Gondokoro, and pressing on himself to Loboré with about one hundred men, who were to drag the baggage and supplies in carts for sixty miles. With this slender force and light equipments, Baker started, on February 8th, under the guidance of an old rainmaker named Lokko. Four horses, on one of which Lady Baker rode, ten donkeys, and a whole herd of cattle accompanied the expedition, and on the 12th it reached Loboré without having fired a shot, where on the 24th they were joined by Major Abdallah and the men under his command, who in the mean time had been attacked by the Baris in their camp, and had lost their fieldpiece. From Loboré Baker pushed on for Afudodo on the White Nile above the cataracts, and thence for Fatiko, a spot 165 miles south of Gondokoro. At this point in the Sholi country, in north latitude 3° 00'm., Baker found his ubiquitous foe Aboo Saood, who had pushed on here from Gondokoro to protect his interests in these parts, where he had a *seriba* and did a good business in slaves and ivory. This was in March 1872, and, as the contract with Agad had not yet quite expired, Baker gave Aboo Saood leave to remain on sufferance in the district, from which he was to be allowed to remove his ivory, amounting to more than three thousand tusks, on condition that he was to abandon his slave-trading and ivory-expeditions to the south and east, in which he had been up to that time actively engaged. At the same time Baker determined to build a fort and to leave a garrison at Fatiko, while he pushed on with one hundred men towards the Equator. On March 18, 1872, he started for the Unyoro country on the shores of the Albert Nyanza, though it is separated from it by a lofty range of cliffs, and when there he would be in the territory of his old acquaintance Kamrasi, whose rapacious covetousness was well known to him on his former journeys. But that potentate had been dead two years, and his son

Kabba Rega reigned in his stead, who had risen to power by the wholesale murder of his brothers and relations, Rionga, an uncle, having alone escaped his attempts to take his life. As he marched through these regions along the banks of the Victoria Nile, Baker was amazed to find them, once so fertile and populous, desolated by the incursions of the Khar-toum traders, who kidnap the women and children for slaves, kill the men, and plunder and destroy whatever they can lay hands on.

To make a long story short, on April 25, 1872, he reached Masindi, the capital of Kabba Rega, a large town, in latitude 1° 45'm. N., 332 miles from Gondokoro and about fifty miles east of the cliffs which bound the Albert Nyanza. It must be allowed that Baker's account of Kabba Rega the young king is extremely unprepossessing; for he describes him as an awkward undignified lout of twenty, who thought himself a great monarch, and was cruel, cowardly, and treacherous to the last degree. In the capital of this monarch Baker remained till June 14th. During that period he had, as he conceived, such sufficient proof of Aboo Saood's treachery, that he sent orders to Major Abdallah at Fatiko to arrest him. But quite apart from Aboo Saood, Kabba Rega gave Baker quite enough to do. Though at first professedly friendly, the relations between them grew worse and worse, and after having tried to poison the whole force by a present of drugged beer, the treacherous king gathered his warriors around him, drove off his cattle, and attacked a fort which Baker had fortunately built to protect his force. Then ensued a series of hostile operations in which was fought the battle of Masindi, to the sore loss of the natives and the destruction of the whole town by fire, though Baker lost several valuable lives. Then the natives set fire to the quarters of Baker's force while they retired to their fort, and on the whole matters assumed such an angry complexion, that on June 13th Baker resolved to leave Masindi and fight his way back to Fatiko. Up to this time his heroic wife had exhibited the greatest bravery and devotion, and her name must ever be remembered amongst those women who have shown that they can be as brave as lions and yet as gentle as doves. On the march back through woods and marshes lined on either side by unseen foes, she still maintained a cheerfulness and resolution which sustained the spirits of all around

her. That Baker was thus enabled to extricate himself and his men on this weary march is the best proof that can be afforded of his military talent and of the discipline by which he had converted his Forty Thieves into one of the bravest bodyguards that ever rallied round an adored chief. On June 24th, after ten days' incessant fighting, they reached Foweera on the Victoria Nile, where Rionga met them with supplies. Him Baker appointed king of Unyoro, in the name of the khedive, in the room of the faithless Kabba Rega. Continuing his march, Baker reached the fort at Fatiko on August 2nd, where he found that the slave-traders, at the instigation of Aboo Saood, had spread the report that he, Baker, was dead, a fable which was speedily passed down the Nile to Egypt, and thence to Europe to the alarm of Baker's many friends. One more victory still remained for Baker and his Forty Thieves. We have seen that the slave-traders had a camp at Fatiko, and in despair at seeing their hopes of the failure of the expedition frustrated, they had the rashness to open fire on Baker's men. In a few moments Baker was armed, his devoted wife handing him his rifle and belt, and in as many minutes the Forty were charging the enemy at the point of the bayonet, and scattering them in all directions.

Firmly convinced of Aboo Saood's treachery, Baker says that he ought to have hanged him on the spot; but he confesses that diplomacy was necessary, as he had, at that distance from Gondokoro, only one hundred and forty-six men to contend against many hundreds. On August 7th the traitor appeared in Baker's camp, and exhibited so much ingenuity in lying in his defence, that Baker says "he could merely reply by dismissing him with the assurance that there was only one really good and honest man in the world who invariably spoke the truth; this man was Aboo Saood. All other men were liars." So next day the traitor according to Baker departed, swearing "by the eyes and head of the Prophet," "his favourite oath," says Baker, "whenever he told the biggest lie," that there was no one so true to him as himself; a promise which he carried out by spreading every false report against the pacha and by lodging a complaint against him with the khedive at Cairo as having ruined trade. It was during his stay at Fatiko that Baker received envoys from Mtésé, the well-

known king of Uganda, the region which Speke and Grant had visited, and in which Livingstone was then lingering. These envoys were beautifully clean and as civilized and intelligent as Europeans. Of old we know Mtésé had been a sad ruffian, but Baker tells us that he had become a Mussulman, said his prayers daily, no longer murdered his wives, and, if he cut the throat of a man, it was done in God's name. He kept clerks too who corresponded for him in Arabic, encouraged all trade except that in slaves, and, greatly to Baker's delight, had treated Aboo Saood's emissaries like dogs. This great potentate had now sent a letter to Baker expressing the greatest friendship and informing him that as soon as he heard of Kabba Rega's treachery, he had sent an army under General Congow to be placed at his disposal. All he desired was to see Baker's face, and, rare exception among African kings, "he did not wish for presents." Alas! all that Baker could do was to say that his command would shortly expire, and to send him a letter for Livingstone.

After his last victory at Fatiko there is little left to tell of Baker's expedition. After some sporting adventures in that delightful region, which he describes as an earthly paradise, he retraced his steps to Gondokoro, where he arrived on August 1, 1873, the very day on which his four years' term of command expired. For nearly three years he had heard nothing from the government which had appointed him. On May 25th he parted from his Forty Thieves, not without emotion; and on June 29th he reached Khartoum, having passed near Fashoda a cargo of seven hundred slaves consigned to Egypt by Aboo Saood. On August 24th he reached Cairo, where he had an interview with the khedive, to whom he explained the position of the territories which he had annexed to his dominions. At the same time he laid his counter-charge against Aboo Saood, and left the evidence supporting it in the hands of the Egyptian government. Six weeks afterwards, having been decorated with the second class of the Imperial Order of the Osmanie, Baker left Egypt. The work which he had begun, whether for suppressing the slave-trade, or for annexing new territory, has since been confided, as is well known, to Colonel Gordon, who by the last accounts has annexed Darfoo to Egypt. The last drop in the cup of bitterness which the Egyptian government has made Baker

drink is contained in the very last sentence and postscript to his book:—"After my departure from Egypt, Aboo Saood was released and was appointed assistant to my successor."

So ends the story of Baker's attempt to extinguish the slave-trade on the White Nile. We call it an attempt, for it is evident, even from his meeting those seven hundred slaves on the main stream so low as Fashoda, that it was not successful. So ingrained in fact is slavery in the regions in which Baker conducted his operations that, just as Schweinfurth's Nubians had ventures in slaves, so even the terror of Baker himself could not keep his own troops from engaging in the very traffic which they were sent out to suppress. On one occasion he discovered, that, under his own eyes, the soldiers had purchased no fewer than 126 slaves, while on another he distributed a number of young women, whom he had set free, among his men as wives. We cannot help thinking, when we reflect on the ordinary lot of the wives of Egyptian soldiers, that the position of the women thus emancipated must have been merely that of nominal freedom; for it appears, both from the evidence of Schweinfurth and of Baker, that in the *seriâs* of the traders, and in the forts and camps of the Egyptian governors in the Soudan and the regions of the Upper Nile, it is the common practice to allot female slaves to the soldiers in lieu of pay. More than this, with all our admiration for Baker's bravery and for the endurance and skill with which he brought his men out of the perils into which he had led them, we cannot acquit him of Quixotism in undertaking the command of such an expedition. Daily life in Egypt, whether in the bazaars of Cairo or along the silent highway of the Nile, ought to have convinced the merest tourist and tyro in travelling that slavery is an institution of the land which every one acknowledges, the more enlightened perhaps as an evil, but still as a necessity. But that a tried traveller, for a man who had already spent years in those regions of Central Africa where the slave-trade is indigenous, and slaves so common that every other man or woman is a slave, should be so credulous as to suppose that even the khedive would be ready to organize such an expedition for philanthropy alone, quite passes our belief, and, if we are called on to believe it, we can only do so in favour of Baker's heart at the expense of his head. Once commit-

ted to such an attempt, its failure was only a matter of time, and for the time at least it has failed. The emancipation of the African tribes who have fallen under the bitter yoke of slavery can only be accomplished by infinite patience and an amelioration of Egyptian morality which presuppose a still more infinite period of time. Certainly the extirpation of this horrible traffic in Central Africa is neither to be accomplished as the visionary Schweinfurth fondly fancies, by the immigration of Chinese, nor by a single expedition or by a series of expeditions however ably commanded. As we close these pages we receive another contribution to the literature of African discovery in the "Last Journals of David Livingstone," to which we regret that we cannot give a more extended notice. They exhibit the same picture of indefatigable energy and endurance on the part of the British traveller, and of barbarism and slavery amongst the natives of Africa; and they derive a peculiar interest from the closing scenes of the life of that great traveller.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PERILOUS TRUCE.

THE very stars in their courses seemed to fight for this young man.

No sooner had Wenna Rosewarne fled to her own room, there to think over in a wild and bewildered way all that had just happened, than her heart smote her sorely. She had not acted prudently. She had forgotten her self-respect. She ought to have forbidden him to come near her again—at least, until such time as this foolish fancy of his should have passed away and been forgotten.

How could she have parted with him so calmly, and led him to suppose that their former relations were unaltered? She looked back on the forced quietude of her manner, and was herself astonished. Now her heart was beating rapidly; her trembling fingers were unconsciously twisting and untwisting a bit of ribbon; her head seemed giddy with the recollection of that brief and strange interview. Then, somehow, she thought of the look on his face when she told him that henceforth they must be strangers

to each other. It seemed hard that he should be badly used for what was, perhaps, no intentional fault. If anybody had been in fault, it was herself, in being blind to a possibility to which even her own sister had drawn her attention; and so the punishment ought to fall on her.

She would humble herself before Mr. Roscorla. She would force herself to be affectionate towards him in her letters. She would even write to Mabyon, and beg of her to take no notice of that angry remonstrance.

Then Wenna thought of her mother, and how she ought to tell her of all these things. But how could she? During the past day or two Mrs. Rosewarne had been at times singularly fretful and anxious. No letter had come from her husband. In vain did Wenna remind her that men were more careless of such small matters than women, and that it was too soon to expect her father to sit down and write. Mrs. Rosewarne sat brooding over her husband's silence; then she would get up in an excited fashion and declare her intention of going straight back to Eglosilvan; and these fitful moods preyed on the health of the invalid. Ought Wenna to risk increasing her anxiety by telling her this strange tale? She would doubtless misunderstand it. She might be angry with Harry Trelyon. She would certainly be surprised that Wenna had given him permission to see her again — not knowing that the girl, in her forced composure, had been talking to him as if this avowal of his were of no great moment.

All the same Wenna had a secret fear that she had been imprudent in giving him this permission; and the most she could do now was to make his visits as few, short, and ceremonious as possible. She would avoid him by every means in her power; and the first thing was to make sure that he should not call on them again while they remained in Penzance.

So she went down to the small parlour in a much more equable frame of mind, though her heart was still throbbing in an unusual way. The moment she entered the room she saw that something had occurred to disturb her mother. Mrs. Rosewarne turned from the window, and there was an excited look in her eyes.

"Wenna," she said hurriedly, "did you see that carriage? Did you see that woman? Who was with her? Did you see who was with her? I know it was

she — not if I live a hundred years could I forget that — that devil in human shape!"

"Mother, I don't know what you mean," Wenna said, wholly aghast.

Her mother had gone to the window again, and she was saying to herself, hurriedly, and in a low voice —

"No, you don't know; you don't know — why should you know? That shameless creature! And to drive by here — she must have known I was here. Oh, the shamelessness of the woman!"

She turned to Wenna again.

"Wenna, I thought Mr. Trelyon was here. How long has he gone? I want to see him most particularly — most particularly, and only for a moment. He is sure to know all the strangers at his hotel, is he not? I want to ask him some questions — Wenna, will you go at once and bid him come to see me for a moment?"

"Mother!" Wenna said — how could she go to the hotel with such a message?

"Well, send a note to him, Wenna — send a note by the girl down-stairs. What harm is there in that?"

"Lie down then, mother," said the girl, calmly, "and I will send a message to Mr. Trelyon."

She drew her chair to the table, and her cheeks crimsoned to think of what he might imagine this letter to mean when he got the envelope in his hands. Her fingers trembled as she wrote the date at the head of the note. Then she came to the word "Dear," and it seemed to her that if shame were a punishment, she was doing sufficient penance for her indiscretion of that morning. Yet the note was not a compromising one. It merely said, "Dear Mr. Trelyon, — If you have a moment to spare, my mother would be most obliged to you if you would call on her. I hope you will forgive the trouble. — Yours sincerely, Wenna Rosewarne."

When the young man got that note — he was just entering the hotel when the servant arrived — he stared with surprise. He told the girl he would call on Mrs. Rosewarne directly. Then he followed her.

He never for a moment doubted that this note had reference to his own affairs. Wenna had told her mother what had happened. The mother wished to see him to ask him to cease visiting them. Well, he was prepared for that. He would ask Wenna to leave the room. He would attack the mother boldly, and tell her what he thought of Mr. Roscorla.

He would appeal to her to save her daughter from the impending marriage. He would win her over to be his secret ally and friend; and while nothing should be done precipitately to alarm Wenna or arouse her suspicions, might not these two carry the citadel of her heart in time, and hand over the keys to the rightful lord? It was a pleasant speculation; it was at least marked by that audacity that never wholly forsook Master Harry Trelyon. Of course, he was the rightful lord; ready to bid all false claimants, rivals, and pretenders beware.

And yet, as he walked up to the house, some little tremor of anxiety crept into his heart. It was no mere game of brag in which he was engaged. As he went into the parlour, Wenna stepped quietly by him, her eyes downcast; and he knew that all he cared to look forward to in the world depended on the decision of that quiet little person with the sensitive mouth and the earnest eyes. Fighting was not of much use there.

"Well, Mrs. Rosewarne," said he, rather shamefacedly, "I suppose you mean to scold me?"

Her answer surprised him. She took no heed of his remark, but in a vehement, excited way began to ask him questions about a woman whom she described. He stared at her.

"I hope you don't know anything about that elegant creature?" he said.

She did not wholly tell him the story, but left him to guess at some portions of it; and then she demanded to know all about the woman and her companion, and how long they had been in Penzance, and where they were going? Master Harry was by chance able to reply to certain of her questions. The answers comforted her greatly. Was he quite sure that she was married? What was her husband's name? She was no longer Mrs. Shirley? Would he find out all he could? Would he forgive her asking him to take all this trouble; and would he promise to say no word about it to Wenna?

When all this had been said and done, the young man felt himself considerably embarrassed. Was there to be no mention of his own affairs? So far from remonstrating with him, and forbidding him the house, Mrs. Rosewarne was almost effusively grateful to him, and could only beg him a thousand times not to mention the subject to her daughter.

"Oh, of course not," said he, rather bewildered. "But—but I thought from

the way in which she left the room that—that perhaps I had offended her."

"Oh no, I am sure that is not the case," said Mrs. Rosewarne, and she immediately went and called Wenna, who came into the room with rather an anxious look on her face. She immediately perceived the change in her mother's mood. The demon of suspicion and jealousy had been as suddenly exorcised as it had been summoned. Mrs. Rosewarne's fine eyes were lit by quite a new brightness and gaiety of spirits. She bade Wenna declare what fearful cause of offence Mr. Trelyon had given; and laughed when the young man, blushing somewhat, hastily assured both of them that it was all a stupid mistake of his own.

"Oh, yes," Wenna said, rather nervously, "it is a mistake. I am sure you have given me no offence at all, Mr. Trelyon."

It was an embarrassing moment for two, at least, out of these three persons; and Mrs. Rosewarne, in her abundant good-nature, could not understand their awkward silence. Wenna was apparently looking out of window, at the bright blue bay and the boats; and yet the girl was not ordinarily so occupied when Mr. Trelyon was present. As for him, he had got his hat in his hands; he seemed to be much concerned about it, or about his boots; one did not often find Master Harry actually showing shyness.

At last he said, desperately—

"Mrs. Rosewarne, perhaps you would go out for a sail in the afternoon? I could get you a nice little yacht, and some rods and lines. Won't you?"

Mrs. Rosewarne was in a kindly humour. She said she would be very glad to go, for Wenna was growing tired of always sitting by the window. This would be some little variety for her.

"I hope you won't consider me, mother," said the young lady, quickly, and with some asperity. "I am quite pleased to sit by the window—I could do so always. And it is very wrong of us to take up so much of Mr. Trelyon's time."

"Because Mr. Trelyon's time is of so much use to him," said that young man, with a laugh; and then he told them when to expect him in the afternoon, and went his way.

He was in much better spirits when he went out. He whistled as he went. The splash of the blue sea all along the shingle seemed to have a sort of laugh in it; he was in love with Penzance and all its

beautiful neighbourhood. Once again, he was saying to himself, he would spend a quiet and delightful afternoon with Wenna Rosewarne, even if that were to be the last. He would surrender himself to the gentle intoxication of her presence. He would get a glimpse, from time to time, of her dark eyes when she was looking wistfully and absently over the sea. It was no breach of the implied contract with her that he should have seized this occasion. He had been sent for. And if it was necessary that he should abstain from seeing her for any great length of time, why this single afternoon would not make much difference. Afterwards, he would obey her wishes in any manner she pleased.

He walked into the hotel. There was a gentleman standing in the hall, whose acquaintance Master Harry had condescended to make. He was a person of much money, uncertain grammar, and oppressive generosity; he wore a frilled shirt and diamond studs, and he had such a vast admiration for this handsome, careless, and somewhat rude young man, that he would have been very glad had Mr. Trelyon dined with him every evening, and taken the trouble to win any reasonable amount of money of him at billiards afterwards. Mr. Trelyon had not as yet graced his table.

"Oh, Grainger," said the young man, "I want to speak to you. Will you dine with me to-night at eight?"

"No, no, no," said Mr. Grainger, shaking his head in humble protest, "that isn't fair. You dine with me. It ain't the first or the second time of asking either."

"But look here," said Trelyon. "I've got lots more to ask of you. I want you to lend me that little cutter of yours for the afternoon; will you? You send your man on board to see if she's all right, and I'll pull out to her in about half-an-hour's time. You'll do that, won't you, like a good fellow?"

Mr. Grainger was not only willing to lend the yacht, but also his own services, to see that she properly received so distinguished a guest; whereupon Trelyon had to explain that he wanted the small craft merely to give a couple of ladies a sail for an hour or so. Then Mr. Grainger would have his man instructed to let the ladies have some tea on board; and he would give Master Harry the key of certain receptacles, in which he would find cans of preserved meat, fancy biscuits, jam, and even a few bottles of dry Sil-

lery; finally he would immediately hurry off to see about fishing-rods. Trelyon had to acknowledge to himself that this worthy person deserved the best dinner that the hotel could produce.

In the afternoon he walked along to fetch Mrs. Rosewarne and her daughter, his face bright with expectation. Mrs. Rosewarne was dressed and ready when he went in; but she said—

"I am afraid I can't go, Mr. Trelyon. Wenna says she is a little tired, and would rather stay at home."

"Wenna, that isn't fair," he said, obviously hurt. "You ought to make some little effort when you know it will do your mother good. And it will do you good too, if only you make up your mind to go."

She hesitated for a moment; she saw that her mother was disappointed. Then, without a word, she went and put on her hat and shawl.

"Well," he said, approvingly, "you are very reasonable, and very obedient. But we can't have you go with us with such a face as that. People would say we were going to a funeral."

A shy smile came over the gentle features, and she turned aside.

"And we can't have you pretend that we forced you to go. If we go at all, you must lead the way."

"You would tease the life out of a saint!" she said, with a vexed and embarrassed laugh, and then she marched out before them, very glad to be able to conceal her heightened colour.

But much of her reserve vanished when they had set sail, and when the small cutter was beginning to make way through the light and plashing waves. Wenna's face brightened. She no longer let her two companions talk exclusively to each other. She began to show a great curiosity about the little yacht; she grew anxious to have the lines flung out; no word of hers could express her admiration for the beauty of the afternoon and of the scene around her.

"Now, are you glad you came out?" he said to her.

"Yes," she answered, shyly.

"And you'll take my advice another time?"

"Do you ever take any one's advice?" she said, venturing to look up.

"Yes, certainly," he answered, "when it agrees with my own inclination. Who ever does any more than that?"

They had now got a good bit away from land.

"Skipper," said Trelyon to Mr. Grainer's man, "we'll put her about now, and let her drift. Here is a cigar for you; you can take it up to the bow and smoke it, and keep a good look-out for the sea-serpent."

By this arrangement they obtained, as they sat and idly talked, an excellent view of all the land around the bay, and of the pale, clear sunset shining in the western skies. They lay almost motionless in the lapping water; the light breeze scarcely stirred the loose canvas. From time to time they could hear a sound of calling or laughing from the distant fishing-boats; and that only seemed to increase the silence around them.

It was an evening that invited to repose and reverie; there were not even the usual fiery colours of the sunset to arouse and fix attention by their rapidly changing and glowing hues. The town itself, lying darkly all around the sweep of the bay, was dusky and distant; elsewhere all the world seemed to be flooded with the silver light coming over from behind the western hills. The sky was of the palest blue; the long mackerel clouds that stretched across were of the faintest yellow and lightest grey; and into that shining grey rose the black stems of the trees that were just over the outline of these low heights. St. Michael's Mount had its summit touched by the pale glow; the rest of the giant rock and the far stretches of sea around it were grey with mist. But close by the boat there was a sharper light on the lapping waves, and on the tall spars; while it was warm enough to heighten the colour on Wenna's face as she sat and looked silently at the great and open world around her.

They were drifting in more ways than one. Wenna almost forgot what had occurred in the morning. She was so pleased to see her mother pleased that she talked quite unreservedly to the young man who had wrought the change, and was ready to believe all that Mrs. Rosewarne said in private about his being so delightful and cheerful a companion. As for him, he was determined to profit by this last opportunity. If the strict rules of honour demanded that Mr. Roscorla should have fair play—or if Wenna wished him to absent himself, which was of more consequence than Mr. Roscorla's interests—he would make his visits few and formal; but in the mean time, at least, they would have this

one pleasant afternoon together. Sometimes, it is true, he rebelled against the uncertain pledge he had given her. Why should he not seek to win her? What had the strict rules of honour to do with the prospect of a young girl allowing herself to be sacrificed, while here he was able and willing to snatch her away from her fate?

"How fond you are of the sea and of boats!" he said to her. "Sometimes I think I shall have a big schooner yacht built for myself and take her to the Mediterranean, going from place to place just as one took the fancy. But it would be very dull by yourself, wouldn't it, even if you had a dozen men on board? What you want is to have a small party all very friendly with each other, and at night you would sit up on deck and sing songs. And I think you would like those old-fashioned songs that you sing, Miss Wenna, all the better for hearing them so far away from home—at least, I should; but then I'm an outer barbarian. I think you, now, would be delighted with the grand music abroad—with the operas, you know, and all that. I've had to knock about these places with people; but I don't care about it. I would rather hear 'Norah, the Pride of Kildaré,' or 'The Maid of Llangollen'—because, I suppose, these young women are more in my line. You see, I shouldn't care to make the acquaintance of a gorgeous creature with black hair and a train of yellow satin half a mile long, who tosses up a gilt goblet when she sings a drinking-song, and then gets into a frightful passion about what you don't understand. Wouldn't you rather meet the 'Maid of Llangollen' coming along a country road—coming in by Marazion over there, for example, with a bright print dress all smelling of lavender, and a basket of fresh eggs over her arm? Well—what was I saying? Oh, yes! don't you think if you were away in the Adriatic, and sitting up on deck at night, you would make the people have a quiet cry when you sang 'Home, Sweet Home'? The words are rather silly, aren't they? But they make you think of such a lot if you hear them abroad."

"And when are you going away; this year, Mr. Trelyon?" Wenna said, looking down.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, cheerfully; he would have no question of his going away interfere with the happiness of the present moment.

At length, however, they had to be-

think themselves of getting back, for the western skies were deepening in colour, and the evening air was growing chill. They ran the small cutter back to her moorings; then they put off in the small boat for the shore. It was a beautiful, quiet evening. Wenna, who had taken off her glove and was allowing her bare hand to drag through the rippling water, seemed to be lost in distant and idle fancies not altogether of a melancholy nature.

"Wenna," her mother said, "you will get your hand perfectly chilled."

The girl drew back her hand, and shook the water off her dripping fingers. Then she uttered a slight cry.

"My ring!" she said, looking with absolute fright at her hand and then at the sea.

Of course, they stopped the boat instantly; but all they could do was to stare at the clear dark water. The distress of the girl was beyond expression. This was no ordinary trinket that had been lost; it was a gage of plighted affection given her by one now far away, and in his absence she had carelessly flung it into the sea. She had no fear of omens, as her sister had; but surely, of all things in the world, she ought to have treasured up this ring. In spite of herself, tears sprang to her eyes. Her mother in vain attempted to make light of the loss. And then at last Harry Trelyon, driven almost beside himself by seeing the girl so plunged in grief, hit upon a wild fashion of consoling her.

"Wenna," he said, "don't disturb yourself! Why, we can easily get you the ring. Look at the rocks there—a long bank of smooth sand slopes out from them, and your ring is quietly lying on the sand. There is nothing easier than to get it up with a dredging-machine—I will undertake to let you have it by to-morrow afternoon."

Mrs. Rosewarne thought he was joking; but he effectually persuaded Wenna, at all events, that she should have her ring next day. Then he discovered that he would be just in time to catch the half-past-six train to Plymouth, where he would get the proper apparatus, and return in the morning.

"It was a pretty ring," said he. "There were six stones in it, weren't there?"

"Five," she said: so much she knew, though it must be confessed she had not studied that token of Mr. Roscorla's affection with the earnest solicitude

which most young ladies bestow on the first gift of their lover.

Trelyon jumped into a fly, and drove off to the station, where he sent back an apology to Mr. Grainger. Wenna went home more perturbed than she had been for many a day, and that not solely on account of the lost ring.

Everything seemed to conspire against her, and keep her from carrying out her honourable resolutions. That sail in the afternoon she could not well have avoided; but she had determined to take some opportunity of begging Mr. Trelyon not to visit them again while they remained in Penzance. Now, however, he was coming next day; and, whether or not he was successful in his quest after the missing ring, would she not have to show herself abundantly grateful for all his kindness?

In putting away her gloves, she came upon the letter of Mr. Roscorla, which she had not yet answered. She shivered slightly; the handwriting on the envelope seemed to reproach her. And yet something of a rebellious spirit rose in her against this imaginary accusation; and she grew angry that she was called upon to serve this harsh and inconsiderate taskmaster, and give him explanations which humiliated her. He had no right to ask questions about Mr. Trelyon. He ought not to have listened to idle gossip. He should have had sufficient faith in her promised word; and if he only knew the torture of doubt and anxiety she was suffering on his behalf—

She did not pursue these speculations further; but it was well with Mr. Roscorla that she did not at that moment sit down and answer his letter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FURTHER ENTANGLEMENTS.

"MOTHER," said Wenna, that night, "what vexed you so this morning? Who was the woman who went by?"

"Don't ask me, Wenna," the mother said, rather uneasily. "It would do you no good to know. And you must not speak of that woman—she is too horrid a creature to be mentioned by a young girl ever."

Wenna looked surprised; and then she said, warmly—

"And if she is so, mother, how could you ask Mr. Trelyon to have anything to do with her? Why should you send for

him? Why should he be spoken to about her?"

"Mr. Trelyon!" her mother said, impatiently. "You seem to have no thought now for any body but Mr. Trelyon. Surely the young man can take care of himself."

The reproof was just; the justice of it was its sting. She was indeed thinking too much about the young man, and her mother was right in saying so; but who was to understand the extreme anxiety that possessed her to bring these dangerous relations to an end?

On the following afternoon Wenna, sitting alone at the window, heard Trelyon enter below. The young person who had charge of such matters allowed him to go up the stairs and announce himself as a matter of course. He tapped at the door and came into the room.

"Where's your mother, Wenna? The girl said she was here. However, never mind — I've brought you something that will astonish you. What do you think of that?"

She scarcely looked at the ring, so great was her embarrassment. That the present of one lover should be brought back to her by another was an awkward, almost a humiliating, circumstance. Yet she was glad as well as ashamed.

"Oh, Mr. Trelyon, how can I thank you?" she said, in her low, earnest voice. "All you seem to care for is to make other people happy — and the trouble you have taken too!"

She forgot to look at the ring — even when he pointed out how the washing in the sea had made it bright. She never asked about the dredging. Indeed, she was evidently disinclined to speak of this matter in any way, and kept the finger with the ring on it out of sight.

"Mr. Trelyon," she said then, with equal steadiness of voice, "I am going to ask something more from you; and I am sure you will not refuse it —"

"I know," said he, hastily, "and let me have the first word. I have been thinking over our position, during this trip to Plymouth and back. Well, I think I have become a nuisance to you — wait a bit, let me say my say in my own way — I can see that I only embarrass you when I call on you, and that the permission you gave me is only leading to awkwardness and discomfort. Mind, I don't think you are acting fairly to yourself or to me in forbidding me to mention again what I told you. I know you're wrong. You should let me

show you what sort of a life lies before you — but there, I promised to keep clear of that. Well, I will do what you like; and if you'd rather have me stay away altogether, I will do that. I don't want to be a nuisance to you. But mind this, Wenna, I do it because you wish it — I don't do it because I think any man is bound to respect an engagement which — which — which, in fact, he doesn't respect —"

His eloquence broke down; but his meaning was clear. He stood there before her, ready to accept her decision with all meekness and obedience; but giving her frankly to understand that he did not any the more countenance or consider as a binding thing her engagement to Mr. Roscorla.

"Mind you," he said, "I am not quite as indifferent about all this as I look. It isn't the way of our family to put their hands in their pockets and wait for orders. But I can't fight with you. Many a time I wish there was a man in the case — then he and I might have it out; but as it is, I suppose I have got to do what you say, Wenna, and that's the long and the short of it."

She did not hesitate. She went forward and offered him her hand; and with her frank eyes looking him in the face, she said —

"You have said what I wished to say, and I feared I had not the courage to say it. Now you are acting bravely. Perhaps at some future time we may become friends again — oh yes, and I do hope that! — but in the mean time you will treat me as if I were a stranger to you!"

"That is quite impossible," said he, decisively. "You ask too much, Wenna."

"Would not that be the simpler way?" she said, looking at him again with the frank and earnest eyes; and he knew she was right.

"And the length of time?" he said.

"Until Mr. Roscorla comes home again, at all events," she said.

She had touched an angry chord.

"What has he to do with us?" the young man said, almost fiercely. "I refuse to have him come in as arbiter or in any way whatever. Let him mind his own business; and I can tell you, when he and I come to talk over this engagement of yours —"

"You promised not to speak of that," she said, quietly, and he instantly ceased.

"Well, Wenna," he said, after a min-

ute or two, "I think you ask too much; but you must have it your own way. I won't annoy you and drive you into a corner — you may depend on that. But to be perfect strangers for an indefinite time — then you won't speak to me when I see you passing to church?"

"Oh yes," she said, looking down; "I did not mean strangers like that."

"And I thought," said he, with something more than disappointment in his face, "that when I proposed to — to relieve you from my visits, you would at least let us have one more afternoon together — only one — for a drive, you know. It would be nothing to you — it would be something for me to remember —"

She would not recognize the fact, but for a brief moment his under-lip quivered; and somehow she seemed to know it, though she dared not look up to his face.

"One afternoon — only one, to-morrow — next day, Wenna? Surely you cannot refuse me that?"

Then, looking at her with a great compassion in his eyes, he suddenly altered his tone.

"I think I ought to be hanged," he said in a vexed way. "You are the only person in the world I care for, and every time I see you I plunge you into trouble. Well, this is the last time. Good-by, Wenna!"

Almost involuntarily she put out her hand; but it was with the least perceptible gesture to bid him remain. Then she went past him; and there were tears running down her face.

"If — if you will wait a moment," she said, "I will see if mamma and I can go with you to-morrow afternoon."

She went out and he was left alone. Each word that she had uttered had pierced his heart; but which did he feel the more deeply — remorse that he should have insisted on this slight and useless concession, or bitter rage against the circumstances that environed them, and the man who was altogether responsible for these? There was now at least one person in the world who greatly longed for the return of Mr. Roscorla.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FAREWELL!

"YES, it is true," the young man said, next morning, to his cousin, "this is the last time I shall see her for many a day."

He was standing with his back to her, moodily staring out of the window.

"Well, Harry," his cousin said, gently enough, "you won't be hurt if I say it is a very good thing? I am glad to see you have so much patience and reasonableness. Indeed, I think Miss Rosewarne has very much improved you in that respect; and it is very good advice she has given you now."

"Oh yes, it is all very well to talk!" he said, impatiently. "Common sense is precious easy when you are quite indifferent. Of course, she is quite indifferent, and she says, 'Don't trouble me!' What can one do but go? But if she was not so indifferent —"

He turned suddenly.

"Jue, you can't tell what trouble I am in! Do you know that sometimes I have fancied she was not quite as indifferent — I have had the cheek to think so from one or two things she said — and then, if that were so, it is enough to drive one mad to think of leaving her. How could I leave her, Jue? If any one cared for you, would you quietly sneak off in order to consult your own comfort and convenience? Would you be patient and reasonable then?"

"Harry, don't talk in that excited way. Listen. She does not ask you to go away for your sake, but for hers."

"For her sake?" he repeated, staring. "If she is indifferent, how can that matter to her? Well, I suppose I am a nuisance to her — as much as I am to myself. There it is. I am an interloper."

"My poor boy," his cousin said, with a kindly smile, "you don't know your own mind two minutes running. During this past week you have been blown about by all sorts of contrary winds of opinion and fancy. Sometimes you thought she cared for you — sometimes no. Sometimes you thought it a shame to interfere with Mr. Roscorla; then again you grew indignant and would have slaughtered him. Now you don't know whether you ought to go away or stop to persecute her. Don't you think she is the best judge?"

"No, I don't," he said. "I think she is no judge of what is best for her, because she never thinks of that. She wants somebody by her to insist on her being properly selfish."

"That would be a pretty lesson."

"A necessary one, anyhow, with some women, I can tell you. But I suppose I must go, as she says. I couldn't bear meeting her about Eglosilyan, and be

scarcely allowed to speak to her. Then when that hideous little beast comes back from Jamaica, fancy seeing them walk about together! I must cut the whole place. I shall go into the army—it's the only profession open to a fool like me, and they say it won't be long open either. When I come back, Jue, I suppose you'll be Mrs. Tressider."

"I am very sorry," his cousin said, not heeding the reference to herself; "I never expected to see you so deep in trouble, Harry. But you have youth and good spirits on your side: you will get over it."

"I suppose so," he said, not very cheerfully; and then he went off to see about the carriage which was to take Wenna and himself for their last drive together.

At the same time that he was talking to his cousin, Wenna was seated at her writing-desk answering Mr. Roscorla's letter. Her brows were knit together; she was evidently labouring at some difficult and disagreeable task. Her mother, lying on the sofa, was regarding her with an amused look.

"What is the matter, Wenna? That letter seems to give you a deal of trouble."

The girl put down her pen with some trace of vexation in her face.

"Yes, indeed, mother. How is one to explain delicate matters in a letter? Every phrase seems capable of misconstruction. And then the mischief it may cause!"

"But surely you don't need to write with such care to Mr. Roscorla?"

Wenna coloured slightly, and hesitated, as she answered—

"Well, mother, it is something peculiar. I did not wish to trouble you; but after all I don't think you will vex yourself about so small a thing. Mr. Roscorla has been told stories about me. He is angry that Mr. Trelyon should visit us so often. And—and—I am trying to explain. That is all, mother."

"It is quite enough, Wenna; but I am not surprised. Of course, if foolish persons liked to misconstrue Mr. Trelyon's visits, they might make mischief. I see no harm in them myself. I suppose the young man found an evening at the inn amusing; and I can see that he likes you very well, as many other people do. But you know how you are situated, Wenna. If Mr. Roscorla objects to your continuing an acquaintance with Mr. Trelyon, your duty is clear."

"I do not think it is, mother," Wenna said, an indignant flush of colour appearing in her face. "I should not be justified in throwing over any friend or acquaintance merely because Mr. Roscorla had heard rumors. I would not do it. He ought not to listen to such things—he ought to have greater faith in me. But at the same time I have asked Mr. Trelyon not to come here so often—I have done so already—and after to-day, mother, the gossips will have nothing to report."

"That is better, Wenna," the mother said; "I shall be sorry myself to miss the young man, for I like him; but it is better you should attend to Mr. Roscorla's wishes. And don't answer his letter in a vexed or angry way, Wenna."

She was certainly not doing so. Whatever she might be thinking, a deliberate and even anxious courtesy was visible in the answer she was sending him. Her pride would not allow her to apologize for what had been done, in which she had seen no wrong; but as to the future she was earnest in her promises. And yet she could not help saying a good word for Trelyon.

"You have known him longer than I do," she wrote, "and you know what his character is. I could see nothing wrong in his coming to see my family and myself; nor did you say anything against him while you saw him with us. I am sure you believe he is straightforward, honest, and frank; and if his frankness sometimes verges upon rudeness, he is of late greatly improved in that respect—as in many others—and he is most respectful and gentle in his manners. As for his kindness to my mother and myself, we could not shut our eyes to it. Here is the latest instance of it; although I feel deeply ashamed to tell you the story. We were returning in a small boat, and I was carelessly letting my hand drag through the water, when somehow the ring you gave me dropped off. Of course, we all considered it lost—all except Mr. Trelyon, who took the trouble to go at once all the way to Plymouth for a dredging-machine, and the following afternoon I was overjoyed to find him return with the lost ring, which I had scarcely dared hope to see again. How many gentlemen would have done so much for a mere acquaintance? I am sure if you had been here you would have been ashamed of me if I had not been grateful to him. Now, however,

since you appear to attach importance to these idle rumours, I have asked Mr. Trelyon —"

So the letter went on. She would not have written so calmly if she had foreseen the passion which her ingenuous story about the dredging-machine was destined to arouse. When Mr. Roscorla read that simple narrative, he first stared with astonishment as though she were making some foolish joke. Directly he saw she was serious, however, his rage and mortification were indescribable. Here was this young man, not content with hanging about the girl so that neighbours talked, but actually imposing on her credulity, and making a jest of that engaged ring which ought to have been sacred to her. Mr. Roscorla at once saw through the whole affair — the trip to Plymouth, the purchasing of a gipsy-ring that could have been matched a dozen times over anywhere — the return to Penzance with a cock-and-bull story about a dredging-machine. So hot was his anger that it overcame his prudence. He would start for England at once. He had taken no such resolution when he heard from the friendly and communicative Mr. Barnes that Mr. Trelyon's conduct with regard to Wenna was causing scandal; but this making a fool of him in his absence he could not bear. At any cost he would set out for England; arrange matters more to his satisfaction by recalling Wenna to a sense of her position; then he would return to Jamaica. His affairs there were already promising so well that he could afford the trip.

Meanwhile, Wenna had just finished her letter when Mr. Trelyon drove up with the carriage, and shortly afterwards came into the room. He seemed rather grave, and yet not at all sentimentally sad. He addressed himself mostly to Mrs. Rosewarne, and talked to her about the Port Isaac fishing, the emigration of the miners, and other matters. Then Wenna slipped away to get ready.

"Mrs. Rosewarne," he said, "you asked me to find out what I could about that red-faced person, you know. Well, here is an advertisement which may interest you. I came on it quite accidentally last night in the smoking-room of the hotel."

It was a marriage advertisement, cut from a paper about a week old. The name of the lady was "Katherine Ann, widow of the late J. T. Shirley, Esq., of Barrackpore."

"Yes! I was sure it was that woman!"

Mrs. Rosewarne said eagerly. "And so she is married again?"

"I fancied the gay young things were here on their wedding-trip," Trelyon said, carelessly. "They amused me. I like to see turtle-doves of fifty billing and cooing on the promenade, especially when one of them wears a brown wig, has an Irish accent, and drinks brandy-and-water at breakfast. But he is a good billiard-player; yes, he is an uncommonly good billiard-player. He told me last night he had beaten the Irish Secretary the other day in the billiard-room of the House of Commons. I humbly suspect that was a lie. At least, I can't remember anything about a billiard-table in the House of Commons, and I was two or three times through every bit of it when I was a little chap, with an uncle of mine who was a member then; but perhaps they've got a billiard-table now — who knows? He told me he had stood for an Irish borough — spent 3,000*l.* on a population of 284 — and all he got was a black eye and a broken head. I should say all that was a fabrication, too; indeed, I think he rather amuses himself with lies — and brandy-and-water. But you don't want to know anything more about him, Mrs. Rosewarne?"

She did not. All that she cared to know was in that little strip of printed paper; and as she left the room to get ready for the drive, she expressed herself grateful to him in such warm tones that he was rather astonished. After all, as he said to himself, he had had nothing to do in bringing about the marriage of that somewhat gorgeous person in whom Mrs. Rosewarne was so strangely interested.

They were silent as they drove away. There was one happy face amongst them, that of Mrs. Rosewarne; but she was thinking of her own affairs, in a sort of pleased reverie. Wenna was timid and a trifle sad; she said little beyond "Yes, Mr. Trelyon," and "No, Mr. Trelyon," and even that was said in a low voice. As for him, he spoke to her gravely and respectfully: it was already as if she were a mere stranger.

Had some of his old friends and acquaintances seen him now, they would have been something more than astonished. Was this young man, talking in a gentle and courteous fashion to his companion, and endeavouring to interest her in the various things around her, the same dare-devil lad who used to clatter down the main street of Eglosilyn, who knew

no control other than his own unruly wishes, and who had no answer but a mocking jest for any remonstrance?

"And how long do you remain in Penzance, Mr. Trelyon?" Mrs. Rosewarne said at length.

"Until to-morrow I expect," he answered.

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; I am going back to Eglosilyan. You know my mother means to give some party or other on my coming of age, and there is so little of that amusement going on at our house that it needs all possible encouragement. After that I mean to leave Eglosilyan for a time."

Wenna said nothing; but her downcast face grew a little paler: it was she who was banishing him.

"By the way," he continued, with a smile, "my mother is very anxious about Miss Wenna's return. I fancy she has been trying to go into that business of the Sewing-Club on her own account; and in that case she would be sure to get into a mess. I know her first impulse would be to pay any money to smooth matters over; but that would be a bad beginning, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would," Wenna said; but somehow, at this moment, she was less inclined to be hopeful about the future.

"And as for you, Mrs. Rosewarne," he said, "I suppose you will be going home soon, now that the change seems to have done you so much good?"

"Yes, I hope so," she said; "but Wenna must go first. My husband writes to me that he cannot do without her, and offers to send Mabyon instead. Nobody seems to be able to get on without our Wenna."

"And yet she has the most curious fancy that she is of no account to anybody. Why, some day I expect to hear of the people in Eglosilyan holding a public meeting to present her with a service of plate, and an address written on parchment, with blue and gold letters."

"Perhaps they will do that when she gets married," the mother said, ignorant of the stab she was dealing.

It was a picturesque and pleasant bit of country through which they were driving; yet to two of them at least the afternoon sun seemed to shine over it with a certain sadness. It was as if they were bidding good-by to some beautiful scene they could scarcely expect to revisit. For many a day thereafter, indeed, Wenna seemed to recollect that drive as though it had happened in a dream. She

remembered the rough and lonely road leading up sharp hills and getting down into valleys again; the masses of ferns and wild flowers by the stone walls; the wild and undulating country, with its stretches of yellow furze, its clumps of trees, and its huge blocks of grey granite. She remembered their passing into a curious little valley, densely wooded, the winding path of which was not well fitted for a broad carriage and a pair of horses. They had to watch the boughs and branches as they jolted by. The sun was warm among the foliage; there was a resinous scent of ferns about. By-and-by the valley abruptly opened on a wide and beautiful picture. Lamorna Cove lay before them, and a cold fresh breeze came in from the sea. Here the world seemed to cease suddenly. All around them were huge rocks, and wild flowers, and trees; and far up there on their left rose a hill of granite, burning red with the sunset; but down below them the strange little harbour was in shadow, and the sea beyond, catching nothing of the glow in the west, was grey, and mystic, and silent. Not a ship was visible on that pale plain; no human being could be seen about the stone quays and the cottages; it seemed as if they had come to the end of the world, and were its last inhabitants. All these things Wenna thought of in after days, until the odd and plain little harbour of Lamorna and its rocks and bushes and slopes of granite seemed to be some bit of fairyland, steeped in the rich hues of the sunset, and yet ethereal, distant, and unrecoverable.

Mrs. Rosewarne did not at all understand the silence of these young people, and made many attempts to break it up. Was the mere fact of Mr. Trelyon returning to Eglosilyan next day anything to be sad about? He was not a school-boy going back to school. As for Wenna, she had got back her engaged ring, and ought to have been grateful and happy.

"Come now," she said, "if you propose to drive back by the Mouse-Hole, we must waste no more time here. Wenna, have you gone to sleep?"

The girl started as if she had really been asleep; then she walked back to the carriage and got in. They drove away again without saying a word.

"What is the matter with you, Wenna? Why are you so downcast?" her mother said.

"Oh, nothing!" the girl said hastily.

"But—but one does not care to talk much on so beautiful an evening."

"Yes, that is quite true," said Mr. Trelyon, quite as eagerly, and with something of a blush; "one only cares to sit and look at things."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Rosewarne, with a smile; she had never before heard Mr. Trelyon express his views upon scenery.

They drove round by the Mouse-Hole, and when they came in sight of Penzance again, the bay, and the semicircle of houses, and St. Michael's Mount were all of a pale grey in the twilight. As they drove quietly along, they heard the voices of people from time to time; the occupants of the cottages had come out for their evening stroll and chat. Suddenly, as they were passing certain huge masses of rock that sloped suddenly down to the sea, they heard another sound—that of two or three boys calling out for help. The briefest glance showed what was going on. These boys were standing on the rocks, staring fixedly at one of their companions who had fallen into the water and was wildly splashing about, while all they could do to help him was to call for aid at the pitch of their voices.

"That chap's drowning!" Trelyon said, jumping out of the carriage.

The next minute he was out on the rocks, hastily pulling off his coat. What was it he heard just as he plunged into the sea—the agonized voice of a girl calling him back?

Mrs. Rosewarne was at this moment staring at her daughter with almost a horror-stricken look on her face. Was it really Wenna Rosewarne who had been so mean; and what madness possessed her to make her so? The girl had hold of her mother's arm with both her hands, and held it with the grip of a vice; while her white face was turned to the rocks and the sea.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "it is only a boy, and he is a man—and there is not another in all the world like him——"

"Wenna, is it you who are speaking; or a devil? The boy is drowning!"

But he was drowning no longer. He was laid hold of by a strong arm, dragged in to the rocks, and there fished out by his companions. Then Trelyon got up on the rocks, and calmly looked at his dripping clothes.

"You are a nice little beast, you are!" he said to the small boy, who had swallowed a good deal of salt water, but was otherwise quite unharmed.

"How do you expect I am going home in these trousers? Perhaps your mother'll pay me for a new pair, eh? And give you a jolly good thrashing for tumbling in? Here's half-a-crown for you, you young ruffian; and if I catch you on these rocks again, I'll throw you in and let you swim for it—see if I don't."

He walked up to the carriage, shaking himself, and putting on his coat as he went, with great difficulty.

"Mrs. Rosewarne, I must walk back—I can't think of——"

He uttered a short cry. Wenna was lying as one dead in her mother's arms, Mrs. Rosewarne vainly endeavouring to revive her. He rushed down the rocks again to a pool, and soaked his handkerchief in the water; then he went hurriedly back to the carriage, and put the cold handkerchief on her temples and on her face.

"Oh, Mr. Trelyon, do go away, or you will get your death of cold!" Mrs. Rosewarne said. "Leave Wenna to me. See, there is a gentleman who will lend you his horse, and you will get to your hotel directly."

He did not even answer her. His own face was about as pale as that of the girl before him, and hers was that of a corpse. But by-and-by strange tremors passed through her frame; her hands tightened their grip of her mother's arm, and with a sort of shudder she opened her eyes and fearfully looked around. She caught sight of the young man standing there; she scarcely seemed to recognize him for a moment. And then, with a quick, nervous action, she caught at his hand and kissed it twice, hurriedly and wildly; then she turned to her mother, hid her face in her bosom, and burst into a flood of tears. Probably the girl scarcely knew all that had taken place; but her two companions, in silence, and with a great apprehension filling their hearts, saw and recognized the story she had told.

"Mr. Trelyon," said Mrs. Rosewarne, "you must not remain here."

Mechanically he obeyed her. The gentleman who had been riding along the road had dismounted, and, fearing some accident had occurred, had come forward to offer his assistance. When he was told how matters stood, he at once gave Trelyon his horse to ride in to Penzance, and then the carriage was driven off also, at a considerably less rapid pace.

That evening Trelyon, having got into warm clothes and dined, went along to ask how Wenna was. His heart beat

hurriedly as he knocked at the door. He had intended merely making the inquiry, and coming away again; but the servant said that Mrs. Rosewarne wished to see him.

He went up-stairs, and found Mrs. Rosewarne alone. These two looked at each other; that single glance told everything. They were both aware of the secret that had been revealed.

For an instant there was dead silence between them; and then Mrs. Rosewarne, with a great sadness in her voice, despite its studied calmness, said—

"Mr. Trelyon, we need say nothing of what has occurred. There are some things that are best not spoken of. But I can trust to you not to seek to see Wenna before you leave here. She is quite recovered—only a little nervous, you know, and frightened. To-morrow she will be quite well again."

"You will bid her good-by for me," he said.

But for the tight clasp of the hand between these two, it was an ordinary parting. He put on his hat and went out. Perhaps it was the cold sea-air that had made his face so pale.

From The Contemporary Review.
SAXON STUDIES.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

STONE AND PLASTER.

I.

THERE is a kind of ugliness which is practically invisible. It is not ugliness of the grotesque, fascinating, or forcible order; its characteristics are negative and probably indescribable. It is always tinged strongly with conventionality, and has a mildly depressing effect rather than an actively exasperating one: it partakes of the nature of an incubus more than of an irritant. It is an ugliness, in short, which, instead of compelling our eyes at the same time that it revolts them, simply causes us not to see it. There are vast numbers of persons in the world,—good, plain persons, with no piquancy or individuality of aspect,—with whom we may converse for hours or years, looking straight at them all the time, yet never actually seeing them. Their image is formed on the physical retina, but the mind's eye refuses to take note of them; and the consequence is an undefined feeling of dejection, express-

ing itself, perhaps, in a sigh or even an irrepressible yawn.

I think the sombre humour which is apt to settle upon us after a little acquaintance with Dresden may be traceable to the invisible ugliness, I will not say of its people, but of its houses. They curiously elude our observation, even when we strive to fix our regards upon them. We walk street after street, with all our eyes about us (so we fancy), and yet on reaching home we cannot call up the picture of any one among the hundreds of buildings by which we have passed. They are featureless, bare, and neutral-tinted, and present no handle for memory to catch them by. They do not make our nerves prick with anguish and our brows flush, as do the palatial residences in New York and elsewhere; a little stimulus of that sort once in a while would be healthful. They deaden us by communication of their own deadness, and it is a mystery how living men built them or can live in them.

The best way to get at them is to put them side by side with houses of our own, and note the differences. These differences all begin from the fundamental difference between the Saxon and the Anglo-Saxon modes of living. They live in layers, we in rows; and when we have analyzed all the issues of this variance, we shall have done much towards accounting for things of far greater importance. In some respects the Saxons have the advantage of us. Our city houses are no better than an array of pigeon-holes ranged interminably side by side; the close assemblage of pompous doorways, each with its little flight of steps, its porch, and its twelve feet of area railings, fatigue the eye. There is a constant repetition, but no broad uniformity. Moreover, the fact that the houses are clothed only in front, and are stark naked behind and at the sides, keeps us in a state of constant nervous apprehension. We do our best to see only the brown stone pinafores, and to ignore the bare red brick; but the effort is no less futile than it is wearisome. The bareness haunts us, until the very pinafores seem transparent.

Undoubtedly they manage this matter much better in Dresden. They are as niggard of their doors as though they were made of gold. One door to a frontage of an hundred windows; and instead of a joining together of twenty or more short sections of imitation stone cornice

of various designs, here we have a single great bulging, rambling, red-tiled roof, covering the whole building; with rank upon rank of dormer-windows and fantastic chimneys figuring against the sky. Whatever its failings, at all events, the house is coherent and conceivable. It has a back, of course, but an honest back, such as we are not ashamed to look at. Three or four of these caravansaries form a block; and there is an absence of fussy detail about them at which the harassed New-Yorker may well rejoice. The economy in doors extends itself to door-numbers. One would suppose that, let them swell their biggest, these would remain small enough; but they are rigorously decimated by a free application of the alphabet. If the first door in the block is No. 7, the next is not No. 8, but No. 7A, and the third No. 7B, and so on up to G. High numbers are considered vulgar, but letters may be supposed to denote architectural blue blood.

The doorways are flush with the sidewalk; if there are steps, they are within the house-line; and the houses never set back behind a railing as with us. They seem to have grown since they were first put down, and to have filled out all spare room. The larger houses are built round three sides of a court, with which the front door communicates. But houses in Dresden are under no restrictions as regards ground-plan. Any geometrical figure is good enough for them; and the royal palace, already referred to, affords them an example of license in this direction which it would be hard to outdo. The crookedness of the streets abets the eccentricity; and yet the most extravagant sprawler of them all seems more human than our endless repetition of pigeon-holes.

The houses are built of coarse sandstone, quarried from the cliffs of Saxon Switzerland, and brought thence on canal-boats. The interior is patched here and there with brick, while to the outside is applied a thick layer of grey or 'yellow plaster, whose dead surface is sometimes relieved by arabesques and friezes in low relief, or perhaps a statuette or two in a shallow niche. This *façade* is from time to time oversmeared with a staring coat of paint, causing it to look unnaturally and even violently clean for a month or so, but not improving it from an æsthetic point of view. In the more modern villas, however, which line the approach to the Royal Park, the plaster is generally

replaced by a fine kind of stone, dark cream-colour, and better as a building-material than our American yellow or brown stone. These villas are four-square, detached, two-storied structures, each in the midst of its garden, and surrounded by an irreproachable iron railing. The roofs are either French or hip, slated and regular; the carriage-drive is smoothly paved with a mosaic of black and white; there is a fountain on the lawn; a handsome porch, and a balcony full of flowers. They more resemble the wooden country-seats on the outskirts of American cities than anything in England; there is none of the English passion for seclusion and reserve; no impenetrable hedges, no ivy screens, nor canopy of foliage. Everything is bare, open, and visible, and seems to invite inspection, like a handsome immodest woman. We can even look through the plate-glass windows and see the painted ceilings and satin-wood doors.

But it is to the city houses that we must look for traits essentially Saxon. Balconies they generally have, fitted to the drawing-room windows of the successive *étages*, and supported on stone cantilevers. Not always trustworthily supported, however; for moisture rots the stone, and the balconies occasionally come down, to the destruction of whatever is on them or beneath them. Meanwhile they are a pleasant refuge in summer; we sit chatting, smoking, and sipping beer among the flower-pots as the sun goes down, and long after the stars are out. They may even be used as supper-rooms when the day has been very hot, and the company is not too numerous. If we have lived long in Dresden, it will not discompose us that every passer-by in the street may see how our table is furnished.

II.

TWENTY families sometimes live under one roof; and the same front door serves for all. Through it must pass alike the prince on the *bel étage*, the cobbler in the basement, and the seamstress who lives in the attic. This is a state of things which deserves consideration. A house-door, which is common property, which stands agape for any chance wayfarer to peer through—nay, whose threshold is no more sacred than the public kerbstone! we are democratic in America, but I think the Saxons are in advance of us here. So far as I have observed, New-Yorkers and Bostonians are

as careful of their doors, and as chary of them as is a pretty young woman of her teeth and lips. I would as lief share my parlour with a stranger, as be liable to meet him on my stairway, or to rub shoulders with him over my threshold; especially when his right to be there is as good as mine. There is an indelicacy about it, as if a dozen or twenty people were all to eat and speak through one mouth. The street does not stop outside the house; it eddies into the hall, and forces its dirty current up-stairs. True, there is another door within, but after we have given up our outworks, few people will believe in the genuineness of our inner defences. The spell of reserve is broken.

This may be esteemed a fanciful objection to the "flat" system, which, I see, is gaining favour in America on the score of cheapness and compactness. If we will be frank to call such establishments hotels, we may at least escape the evil of growing to believe them homes. Home is no less sacred a word than ever, though, like other English words nowadays, it is getting to be much desecrated in the appliance; and I fear these common doors, standing always ajar, may let escape many delicate beauties and refinements whose value is not fanciful, but inestimable.

To be sure, hall-porters have lately been introduced in the more modern and pretentious houses, whose business it is to keep the door shut, and only to open it when somebody wishes to come in, and not to admit beggars or disreputable persons. Their position is not a sinecure. I made the acquaintance of a Dresden hall-porter, and observed his proceedings for a whole year. He was a small, cringing, hook-nosed man, with thick straight black hair, short black beard, and a ghastly pallor of complexion which no stress of circumstances could ever modify. He cultivated that philosopher's desideratum, a continual smile, and he was full of becks, nods, obeisances, and grimaces. He rose at five in summer, and, I believe, not more than an hour later in winter. Why so early, I know not; there seemed not much to do besides sweeping out the hall, knocking the door-mat against the jamb, and exchanging a morning greeting with the charwoman of the house opposite. But he was a married man, and may have had some household jobs of his own to attend to. He and his wife lived in two rooms adjoining the hall-way, so narrow

and close that any respectable house-rat would have turned up his nose at them. The porter followed some small handicraft or other, whereby to eke out his salary; and at odd moments I could see him at the side window, working away, but ever keeping an eye to the sidewalk for visitors. He could lift the door-latch without leaving his seat, by means of a wire pulley, and when a denizen of the house approached, the door would spring open as if to welcome an old friend, before he could lay his hand to the bell-handle; but strangers had to ring. In winter, I fear the porter had a sour meagre time of it. Besides the extra work of clearing away the ice and snow, there was the cold, which he could not do away with. But in summer he was happier; he wore a striped linen jacket and a long dirty apron, and was very active with his broom, and his street watering-pot. He had a great circle of acquaintances, and his little hall-room had its fill of visitors at all times. He was a very sink of private information, knew all that the house-maids of the various *étages* could tell him, and had understandings with all the tradesmen's boys who brought parcels for members of the household. Whether there was an escape-pipe for this deluge of confidences, must have been a question of some moment to those who were discussed.

All at once a baby was born; it looked as if nothing could prevent its dying instantly; but it lived, and I dare say it is alive now. The little porter was as proud of his baby as though there had been the germ of a Goethe in it; he held it constantly in his arms, and clucked at it, and dandled it unwearably. All the gossips admired it, and the people in the house stopped to smile at it as they passed through the hall. I doubt not that various bits of baby-furniture, useful or playful, found their way down-stairs from the upper floors; for babies make even Saxons forget themselves for a moment. No doubt, too, any little deficiency of water in the cisterns, or irregularity in the gas-lighting, or delay in bringing up letters and visiting-cards was condoned for a time. The porter might reasonably have wished that the baby should be renewed as often as once every four or five months.

Next to the baby, the porter's trump card was a gigantic dog, a cross between a Newfoundland and a Saint Bernard. He was as big as a Shetland pony, and lay majestically about the hall, or stalked

lion-like up and down the sidewalk. The chief objection to him was that he was above keeping himself clean, and had no valet to do it for him; and whoever made bold to caress him had reason to remember it for the rest of the day. Nevertheless, this huge beast slept in the porter's room, filling up all the space unoccupied by the porter himself; and, considering that fresh air was rigorously excluded in summer as well as in winter, it was a constant surprise to me to see the porter appear, morning after morning, apparently no worse off than when he went to bed. But I do the dog injustice; it was he who suffered and degenerated; why should he be forced to share his kennel with a man? There was in him a capacity for better things; for when the porter watered the lawn at the back of the house with the garden hose-pipe, the dog would rush into the line of the stream and take it point-blank on his muzzle, barking and jumping with delight. But the porter never took the hint home to himself, nor understood, I suppose, what pleasure the dog could find in being wetted.

The porter's bearing towards the various inhabitants of the house was accurately graduated in accordance with their elevation above the ground-floor. With the waifs of the attic he was hail-fellow-well-met. Pleasantly affable was his demeanour to the respectable families on the third *étage*, whose rent did not exceed £150 a year. The second floor at £300 commanded his cordial respect and good offices; while speechless, abject reverence, and a blue dress-coat with brass buttons, fail to express his state of mind towards the six-hundred-pounders of the first landing. This behaviour of his was not so much acquired as an instinct. The personality of its recipients had nothing to do with it; were Agamemnon, on the first *étage*, to change places with Thersites in the attic our porter would slap the king of men on the back at their next meeting, and hustle him out of the way of Thersites, when the latter came down to his carriage. Moreover, if Agamemnon were a Saxon, he would not dream of getting indignant at this novel treatment.

But hall-porters do not strike at the root of this common-door evil; on the contrary, by pruning away the ranker leaves, they make the ill weed grow the stronger. The door is still open to whomsoever chooses to enter, and would be just as common, were an especial passport from

Berlin necessary for every crossing of the threshold. If decency is to be outraged, it is of no real moment whether it be done directly or indirectly. There is a vast moral advantage in the feeling that our home is our own from the garden-gate to the bed-chamber. Any infringement thereof is a first step towards Communism; and I do not believe that a person of refinement can become accustomed to the "flat" system without undergoing more or less abrasion—or what is worse, hardening—of the moral cuticle. Between vertical and horizontal living there is even more of a difference than of a distinction. To sit between two men—one on the right hand, the other on the left—is endurable; but not so the being sandwiched, prone, over one man and underneath the other. We can neither raise our eyes to heaven nor set our feet upon the earth; a human body intercepts us in both directions. Surely one door is not enough for so great an escape as is needed here.

III.

IN these houses people begin to live beneath the level of the pavement, and thence ascend until scarce a tile intervenes between them and heaven. The basement people must take degraded views of life. They see only feet and legs and dirty petticoats, and their window-panes are spattered with mud from the sidewalk. Living up to their necks in earth must considerably impede them in the race, not to speak of the crushing weight of five or six stories overhead. If they were deeper down it would not be so bad, for there is a mystery about the depths of our mother earth—a blind recognition, perhaps, of the interest of buried ages; and we get so much from the earth—everything except our souls, let us say,—that what concerns her is our concern also. Miners are a fine symbol of materialism. They live in the earth—earth is beneath their feet, around and above them; no firmament too high to be reached with a ladder; many strange things, but none that may not be handled; a world of facts, wherein they stand self-contained and gloomily serene. As we, sitting in-doors, pity the wayfarers exposed to the inclemency without, so do these miners pity and despise us, exposed to the blue and white glare of the bold heavens, stared out of countenance by sun and moon, blown by winds and wet with rain. Who can sympathize with the sky? Yet sooner or later all must re-

visit the surface, if only to be buried there.

But the grave and taciturn miners, whom we often meet on our walks towards Tharandt, with their odd costume and gruff "*Glück auf!*" are a very different race from the dwellers in basements. These poor creatures, being half in and half out, can claim neither heaven nor earth, but are exposed to the wrath of both. The feverish damps have entered into their blood, and their sallow faces, as they peer up at us from the underground windows, seem more clay than flesh. I am, however, able to record one cheerful exception, which will help us to take leave of the basements with a pleasant savour in our nostrils. It is on the north-eastern corner of See and Waisenhausstrasse. Here the sidewalk consists partly of a grating, in passing over which a most appetizing odour salutes us. We glance downwards through a subterranean window, where behold two or three stalwart cooks in white aprons and paper caps, frying delectable veal cutlets over a glowing range. The window is open at the top, and the spiritual essence of the cutlets rises through the aperture to delight our noses. As we pause to sniff once more, the fattest of the cooks tips back his paper cap and wipes his sweating brow with his warm bare arm. Phew! here, at all events, is more flesh than clay. The fat cook's glance meets ours, and we exchange a sociable grin. He is *chef* of the Victoria Keller, and we know his cutlets of old.

IV.

IN the houses which are only dwelling-houses the next step above the basement is to the *Parterre*, which is generally raised some four or five feet above the sidewalk-level. But the great mass of houses in the city are shops in their lower story, and attain the heights of gentility only after climbing a flight of stairs. There is a subdued mellow splendour about Dresden shops such as I have not seen exactly paralleled anywhere else. Perhaps the gloom of the narrow streets and the musty drab colour of the houses enhance these splendid windows by contrast. But the shopkeepers give much time and thought to the artistic arrangement of their wares; it is a matter which they understand and into which they can put their whole souls, and the result does them credit. Each window is a picture, with height, depth, breadth, and *chiaro-oscuro* all complete:

and far more attractive pictures, to most people, than those on the walls of the Gallery. Moreover, the details are altered every morning, and at longer intervals there is a re-casting of the entire design; so that the fascination of life is added to the other fascinations. And, finally, the shops are so immediately accessible that it seems rather easier to go into them than not. Our timidity is not daunted by imposing doorways, nor is our inertia discouraged by dignified flights of steps and broad approaches. Within, we take off our hats, say good-morning, and feel perfectly at home. However fine the wares may be, we are distracted by no grandeur of architecture; and we are waited on by attendants, not by ladies and gentlemen. We bid adieu at parting, and hardly realize, as we regain the sidewalk, that we have actually been shopping at all.

These are some of the lights of the picture; there are shadows — heavy ones! After some deliberation, however, I think there will be little use in attempting to reproduce them. Those whose lives have been crossed by them will not care to have the experience recalled; while the uninitiated can never be brought to believe in their depth and blackness. Be it merely observed, therefore, that Dresden shopkeepers are sufficiently inspired with a desire to prosper in trade. It may be conjectured that they give their minds to their business; certainly the reproach of discursive attainments cannot be brought against them. Their heads, so far as intellectual value is concerned, are about on a par with the silver effigies on the thaler which they cherish. I have somewhere seen it asserted that the German tradesman is notably of a scientific, philosophic, and æsthetic turn, and that, in the intervals of labour, he snatches up his volume of Rosencranz, Lemcke, Bolzmann, or Goethe, from the perusal of which the very chink of coin will scarcely win him.

So far as my observation goes, this is a cruel and unfounded aspersions upon the character of a guild whose singleness of purpose has profoundly impressed me. They do not know what science and philosophy are. They will not read even a novel, nor yet a newspaper, unless it be the *Boerse Zeitung*. They look at the pictures in *Kladderadatsch*, but do not understand the political allusions. Their eyes are dull to the culture and progress of the world, and, to all that is above the world, wholly blind. But they can spy a

bargain through a stone wall, and a thievish advantage through the lid of a coffin. Nevertheless, I am of opinion that a wider culture might help them to be even more truly themselves than they are now. Beautiful as is the untutored earnestness of their character to the eye of the psychologist, to the man of the world they seem deficient in the breadth and grasp of mind which would enable them most effectively to carry out their designs. With all the disposition to steal that an ardent German nature can have, they lack the wisdom so to commit their thefts as to secure the largest and most permanent returns. There is a rugged directness in the way they pick our pockets which at first charms us by its *naïveté*, but ends with wounding our feelings and lowering our self-esteem. They take so little trouble to make their lies plausible, that we cannot pretend to believe them without blushing. It is easy to pay a bill of three times the amount of the original charges; but to pay again and again for things which we never had, and which it is not even feigned that we ever had, gets to be almost painfully embarrassing. If I lay my purse upon the counter, it would evince a delicacy of sentiment in the shopkeeper to wait until I had turned away my eyes before taking it. Such a course would be to his advantage, besides; for I could then ignore the theft, and we could continue our relations with the same frankness and cordiality as before, and in due course of time I might let him steal my purse again. But openly to transfer it to his till, while I am looking straight at it, seems to me tantamount to a wanton rupture of our acquaintance. There is originality, there is vigour, there is noble simplicity in the act, if you will; but our effete civilization is apt to forget its beauties in shuddering at its lack of clothing.

This ruggedness is largely fostered, no doubt, by the continual shifting of the foreign population. A customer who is here to-day and gone to-morrow must evidently be robbed without delay; and it makes little difference how, since there will be another to take his place. So demoralizing is travel to the places which are travelled through! If a permanent colony of philanthropic English and Americans would establish themselves in Dresden, I question not that, in the course of a few years, the whole mercantile community would be educated into such accomplished thieves that they

could steal twice as much as now, without creating a tithe of the awkwardness and misunderstanding which at present exist. Persons in search of a mission would do well to ponder this enterprise.

V.

PASSING over, then, the darker shadows appertaining to the Dresden merchant-guild, let us revert to the cheery spectacle of the shop-windows. The mercers' are the best off for colour; they sometimes look like giant rosettes, with tints sweetly harmonized. There is a baldheaded gentleman on Seestrasse who arranges his silks in a fresh combination every morning, and then steps into the street and contemplates the effect with sidelong glances and hands clasped in silent rapture on his shirt-bosom. He forgets that his head is hatless — not to mention its hairlessness; he does not heed the unsympathetic world-stream, hurrying past; the universe is an unstable vision, but the silks are real, are beautiful, are tastefully arranged. We cannot withhold our respect from this man. He is as sincere an enthusiast as Luther or Mahomet, and no less estimable in his degree. Undoubtedly he is a happier man than either, for I never saw him dissatisfied with his work.

But the windows of the stationers' shops are more generally attractive. Here is a world of photographs from life, from still-life, and from art, ancient and modern. There is a sympathy between photographs and travelling; they are mathematical functions of each other. Dresden photographs are remarkable for their softness and delicate tone — qualities which appear to depend in some measure upon the atmosphere, but still more, I fancy, upon the care and skill wherewith they are "finished" in India ink and white. There is a certain Professor Schurig, whose profession seems to be making crayon copies of the more famous pictures in the Gallery; and these crayons are diligently photographed in every gradation of size. The professor is sometimes very felicitous, but within the last year photographs have been taken from the famous originals; and though they appear rough and stained and obscure, there is always a gleam of divine expression somewhere about them, which transcends the art of the most curious copyist. Besides these, there are a great many of Goupil's French reproductions, and a whole army of female deities, as well of this as of more prim-

itive ages. It is a singular fact that the wholly naked goddesses of ancient mythology look incomparably more modest than do the half-clothed divinities of to-day. The reason may be that the former were never aware that their unconsciousness would one day be photographed; but what a shame that our modern nymphs should labour under so embarrassing a disadvantage!

An artistic fruit more native to Dresden is the china-painting, of which there are many exhibitions in town. It is all copying-work, save for such originality as may belong to an inaccurate imitation. Accuracy, indeed, is not aimed at; for even if attained in the painting, the subsequent baking would warp it wrong again. But the effects produced are marvellously soft, glowing, and pure; and such brilliant falsehoods are generally preferred to the black-and-white truth of photography. Justly so, perhaps, since black-and-white is not the whole truth, and colour is often of more significance than form. A new application of this art is to copying *cartes de visite*, with better success than might be expected. The most satisfactory results are with the faces of old people and young children: in the first the furrows and wrinkles are guiding-lines to the draughtsman; in the others there are few fixed and definite traits in which to err. But the subtle curves and changing yet expressive contours of youth make game of the artist's efforts. The best thing to do with paintings of this kind is to inlay them as medallions in ebony and *marqueterie* cabinets. So placed, they look like great jewels, and any minor inaccuracies are unnoticeable.

As for the Dresden—that is, the Meissen porcelain—it is too delicate a topic for such rough notes as these. I went to Meissen once, and saw it made and painted. I walked up and down long cool corridors, and peeped into oblong rooms, where five hundred sickly young men are always at work, each repeating forever his especial detail, and never getting a step beyond it. I saw little legs and arms and heads and trunks come out perfect from separate moulds, and presently build themselves into a pigmy man or woman. In another apartment I saw flowers painted so rapidly and well, that they seemed to blossom beneath the painter's fingers. No flower-painting surpasses the best work of these young fellows—for they almost all are young. They apotheosize Watteau,

too, making him out a more cunning artist than he was. I am speaking of the flat work; the raised flowers are hideous, indecent, and soulless. It is no small labour to model them, and wonders of skill they are; but what sort of a Frankenstein must he have been who first conceived and carried out the idea of making them! No flowers grow on his grave, I think; but it would have been a poetical justice to bury him in a heap of his own roses.

The little porcelain people are not so objectionable, except when they are made to pose at ease on the precipitous slopes of slippery vases. They are much better before baking than afterwards, however; for they emerge from the fiery furnace with a highly polished surface which is beautiful in itself, but far too lustrous to be human. . . . I will not moralize here; but on the whole I wish a bull would get into the Meissen china-shop and smash everything except the simple flower-painted vases and dishes. There is one vase with a flower-wreath round it, which seems just to have been dropped there, fresh, fragrant, and dewy from some Juliet's garden—a wreath which should immortalize him who created it. "*Fa*," assents our Saxon conductor, "*es ist ja wunderschoen*"; but here, best sir, here is what far outdoes the nature; behold it, the pride of our manufactory—a porcelain violet, modelled by hand, tinted to the life, baked, glazed, perfect! Verily a masterpiece; and to think that a trumpery, good-for-nothing little violet should have inspired a work of art like that! Strange—oh, wonderful!"

It is strange, indeed. However, we are not in Meissen. In Dresden is only one legitimate porcelain shop, containing specimens of all the work produced. After the vases, the things best worth studying are a pair of Chinese personages—a lady and gentleman—who squat cross-legged on porcelain cushions, smiling broadly, and hanging their hands as only the Chinese can. We jog them a little, and instantly they become alive—they move! They wag their grinning heads and stick out their pointed red tongues with a jolly, leering, Chinese impropriety impossible to describe. Their hands move up and down in a slow ecstasy of ineffable Mongolian significance. Really it is an impressive sight:—we see them long afterwards, wagging and leering at us, in our dreams. The unanswerable question is, which of the

two is the more scandalously fascinating?

Next to this happy pair, I like an epergne, where three charming young women—the Graces, by their costume—embrace a thick column which expands above into a dish. A most comfortable design; for it always appears to me that Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne have got hold of a round German stove, and are warming their pretty little porcelain stomachs against it. None of the ancient sculptors have represented them doing anything half so cosy and sensible. The notion gives the group just that touch of humour which it requires to be interesting. Beauty, simple and severe, should never be attempted in tinted, melodramatic sculpture such as this; but our Saxon artists can in no wise be brought to believe it. They enjoy sentimentality more than fun; and this is one reason why their sentimentality is so sickly.

They succeed better with meerschaum. The goddess Nicotine has a fund of good sense, which prompts her, as a general thing, to put a smile, either broad or latent, into the carving of her pipes and cigar-holders. The material is more beautiful than either marble or porcelain, and is delightful to work in. A man of leisure, education, and refinement might benefit both himself and the world by devoting his whole attention to cutting and polishing meerschaum. There is unlimited field for inventive design, for taste, for humour, for manual skill and delicacy. And how pleasant to reflect that each pipe, over which we thought and laboured our best, will become the bosom friend of some genial, appreciative fellow, who will discover its good points, and be proud of them, and love them. For all good smokers are married to their pipe; are sensitive to its critics and jealous of its rivals. And when the pipe is worthy of affection, it endears itself ever more and more; and though it be coloured black with nicotine, is tinged yet more deeply with the rich essence of mellow reminiscences and comfortable associations.

The Viennese do their work well, and perhaps have a special knack at it. There was once, in this window which we are now contemplating, a Skye terrier's head, about the size of a clenched fist, with mouth half open and hair on end, which only needed a body to begin barking. It was bought by a Scotchman for twelve pounds, which, if the animal was

of the true meerschaum breed, was dog-cheap. This question of genuineness, by the way, is one which every tyro believes he can settle at a glance. There are, he tells you, a few simple and infallible tests, easily learnt and readily applied; he talks about weight, tint, texture, sponginess; and assures you that if you are ever taken in, only your own carelessness is to blame.

It is a fallacy from beginning to end. There is no way of "telling" a meerschaum, except to smoke it for at least a year. We may amuse ourselves with applying tests, if we like, but they will demonstrate only our fatuity. The dealer is as impotent to decide as anybody, so far as judgment by inspection goes; unless he be prompted by the maker. But even the maker will be at a loss between two pipes, the history of whose making he has forgotten. We might go back still farther, and ascribe the only trustworthy knowledge to the Natolian miner, who digs the clay out of the earth. Meerschaum is like woman's heart—as soft, as light, as brittle, and as enigmatic, and only time and use can prove it true.

Pipes are bought chiefly by foreigners; Germans use meerschaum in the form of cigar-holders—*Spitzen*, they call them. *Spitzen* are economical, but not otherwise desirable; they enable us to smoke our cigar to the bitter end, but they are an unnecessary and troublesome encumbrance. Nevertheless, they are popular, for they colour more evenly and further towards the mouth than pipes do, and they are more striking in appearance. But I scarcely think they insinuate themselves far into their owners' secret affections; a man of sentiment may have vanity enough to wear one in public, but in private he will not be bothered with it. Coarse, hard men, devoid of sentiment, and of the fine quality which can appreciate the quiet charms of a pipe, are precisely fitted to enjoy the ostentation of a *Spitze*.

Tobacco plays so prominent a rôle in a Saxon's life—so perfumes the air and impregnates the lungs—that we are insensibly led to discuss it at some length. Probably there are not ten righteous men in Dresden who do not smoke or snuff—chewing, luckily, is unknown, though I believe the practice originated hereabouts. I have often met a hundred men in succession, no one without his cigar. Cigar-smoking, it should be observed, is not an expensive habit in Dresden; it may be indulged to excess for not more

than two pounds sterling a year. Half as much will provide three not intolerable cigars daily. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that no true-born Saxon ever throws away a cigar, or any part of one. He consumes it in instalments, and his pockets and cupboards are full of pestilent remnants from half an inch to three inches long. A learned professor, whom I visited occasionally, passed his life at a study-desk, every loophole and cranny of which harboured cigar-stumps of various ages and sizes. My first supposition was that here was an eccentric recluse, whose whim it was to rake together this kind of unsavoury relics. But I presently saw him select the most ancient, stalest stump from its hiding-place in the most cobwebbed cranny, and kindle it into activity with a sulphur match. He preferred such resuscitated corpses—an old tobacco-vulture, with a morbid craving for carrion!

This same people smoke Russian cigarettes—the most ethereal guise under which tobacco presents itself. The variety used is Turkish, and is the purest and finest in the world; but so pungent that—except hookahs—the cigarette is the only available form for it. Ladies smoke these cigarettes, though only the Poles and Russians do so publicly—they, indeed, smoke cigars quite as readily, and for my own part I much enjoy the spectacle. Not only do they appear admirable as regards their dainty manipulation and osculation of the weed, but their smoking lends an oriental flavour to the scene, whereof the fumes of the Latakia are but the material emblem. When an English or American lady smokes, she simply commits a small impropriety; but in the mouth of a fair foreigner, who has been brought up to know no better, a cigar is a wand to conjure up romantic visions and Eastern fantasies. The gentle reader will understand me aright, nor seek to put me out of countenance by evoking images of coarse, black-pipe-puffing Indian squaws and Irishwomen.

An idiocracy of Dresden, or perhaps of Germany, is the sausage and smoked-meat shop. It is kept clean as a pin in every part. The dressers are glistening white limestone; the scales and weights of polished yellow brass; there are generally one or two panel-mirrors, very effective. The razor-keenness of the long bright knives; the clear red and white of the “cuts,” and of the complexions of the female attendants; the piquant odour of the smoke-cured flesh would

give a Brahman an appetite. Raw meat is not a pleasant sight except to butchers and medical students; but when refined by the education of salt and smoke, it becomes highly companionable. Of the merits of sausages, it would perhaps be rash in a foreigner to speak; every nation has its pet peculiarity, which no outsider can criticise without offence. Nothing is more peculiarly national than the German sausage, and perhaps the very quality which so endears it to Germans, renders it hard of comprehension by the barbaric mind. The coat-of-arms of Dresden has been flippantly described as bearing a sausage in its pocket, with the motto, “*Es ist mir Wurst.*” The people certainly have a way of carrying sausage about with them in their pockets—not always in their coat-pockets, either—and pulling it out to gnaw upon it, in moments of abstraction or ennui; and if a barbarian expresses annoyance at the spectacle, they shrug their shoulders scornfully and ejaculate, “*Es ist mir Wurst!*” But the phrase is of very various application, and like the American formula, “It don’t pay,” is noteworthy only as indicating the bed of the popular current of thought.

There are two or three furniture-shops about town, containing plenty of pretty furniture imported from Berlin, and made chiefly after French designs. But in spite of its prettiness, there is nothing sincere or satisfactory in the making of it. The chairs and sofas are never comfortable; the tables, sideboards, and cabinets are never solid, though always warranted to be so. A superficial acquaintance with such furniture predisposes us in its favour; but ripening familiarity breeds contempt. Our fine friends wear out; their gay feathers ornament nothing substantial; they are loose in the joints and warped in the back. In the day of auction they are found wanting. On the whole, I think this Dresden or Berlin furniture is the most worthless that is anywhere manufactured. Compared with the massive and rich simplicity of the best American furniture, it shows like a charlatan beside a gentleman; nor is its case much bettered by contrast with English work. A Saxon feels none of the pleasure which we feel in knowing that what pretends to be ebony, or mahogany, or cloth of gold, is such, to the backbone. A solid mahogany dining-table would take away his appetite as often as he sat down to dinner. It is a fine show from cheap mate-

rials that yields him most unmixed satisfaction; and so the Saxons are happy in their furniture. What I have said is in reference to the best and most expensive upholstery, such as adorns the villas on the Bürgewiese. The ordinary houses are fitted up with a kind of goods which is, perhaps, preferable; for though to the full as badly made as the fine sort, it does not so belie itself by any attempt at outward embellishment.

Some people see a charm in old curiosity-shops, but they remind me of the artfully-constructed cripples and sufferers from painted ulcers, whose simulated woe is often obtruded upon innocent travellers. It is conceivable that a vast deal of antiquated trash should exist, which its owners would gladly be rid of; but that age and worthlessness should enhance value is a circumstance requiring explanation. I never saw a beautiful thing in a Dresden curiosity-shop, and I think the sweepings of two or three old-fashioned attics would outshine and outvalue the richest of them. They are hidden artfully away in gloomy alleys and back-streets; their windows are dusty, their ceilings stained, their floors creaky, their corners dark; their rubbish is heaped disorderly together, with a coarse attempt at dramatic effect. The dealer is dressed in a correspondingly shabby costume, and cultivates an aspect of dishevelled squalor. I should suppose that the business largely depends for success upon the philosophic principle of the grab-bag at fairs. In such a mass of plunder we cannot help believing in a heaven, however small, of something really valuable; some pearl of price which, by advantage of the dealer's ignorance, we may obtain for next to nothing. But the real lay of the land is quite otherwise. Instead of buying invaluable things cheap, we purchase valueless things dear; and as to the dealer's ignorance—what, in the line of his business, he does not know, is decidedly not worth knowing. The tribe is not peculiar to Dresden; wherever are travelled flies, there likewise spin their webs these curious old spiders.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

MISS ANGEL.

CHAPTER XV.

UND MACHE ALL' MEIN WUNSCHEN WAHR.

THE sympathies and consolations of light, of harmony, of work, are as effectual as many a form of words. They are *substitutions* of one particular manner of feeling and expression for another. To hungry, naked, and imprisoned souls, art ministers with a bountiful hand, shows them a way of escape (even though they carry their chains with them); leads silently, pointing into a still and tranquil world enclosed within our noise-bound life, where true and false exist, but harassing duty and conflicting consciences are not, nor remorse, nor its terrors, nor sorrowful disappointments. A wrong perspective or faulty drawing may be crimes in this peaceful land; renewed effort is the repentance there practised. Angelica was never more grateful to her pursuit than now when time was difficult on her hands. The house was not to be ready for three weeks, and during these she must needs remain in Charles Street.

She tried not to think much, but the sense of estrangement was there nevertheless—estrangement from the three people whose good opinion she most valued. If only Antonio would give some sign; if only Mr. Reynolds would come—if only Lady W. would be her own kind self—how suddenly eased her heavy heart would be! She painted steadily, rising betimes to catch the first gleam of the sun dawning through the crowding mists.

Orders came in from one side and another. A message from the queen, that filled her with excitement, was transmitted by Lord Henry, who had been to Windsor. Lady W.'s coldness did not change; she scarcely congratulated her, she seemed utterly unconcerned, and gave the poor child many a pang that she was unconscious of ever having, really deserved.

Mr. Reynolds came not; Antonio came not; Lady W. was as much absent as though she were gone on a long journey. Would she ever return, Angelica wondered? Besides the natural separations of life, of circumstance, there is also one great difficulty to be surmounted. It is that of moods and mental position. Our secret journeys and flights have to be allowed for as much as those open departures we make with many farewells, and

luggage, and tickets, and noisy bustle. There was a powdering-closet on the second story of the house in Charles Street, adjoining Lady Diana's room. It was only a small room, divided by a wall with a hole in it and a sliding panel scooped to the neck. On one side stood the barber and his assistant, to the other came the household with the heads that needed powdering; they would boldly pass them through the aperture, by which means their clothes were preserved from the flying clouds. Lord W. was standing in this guillotine, receiving a last touch from the barber, when Angelica passed the open door one morning on her way to the nursery up-stairs. She turned, hearing herself called.

"Is that Miss Kauffmann? I cannot see; pray wait one minute;" and in a minute my lord appeared in full dress, with his star, and his smart velvet coat, and snowy wig, and gleaming buckles. He was going to court. He had been invited to dine at the royal table. Little Judith and Charlotte and Elizabeth were trotting down-stairs to see him before his start; before they came up, Lord W. turned to Angelica, and in a hurried voice said, "I wanted to speak to you. Dear lady, if you think of deciding upon a house, will you make use of my security? would you let me advance you a hundred pounds?" and he hastily pulled some notes out of his embroidered pocket, and tried quickly to pass them into her hand.

Angelica thanked the golden little benefactor with grateful emotion: "Indeed, I would gladly accept your kindness," she said, openly, "but Lady Diana has lent me some money."

She would have said more, but she saw him look uneasy; a door opened, and the figure of Lady W. appeared upon the landing. "What are you plotting?" said she: "I seem to have disturbed you," and she flashed a quick penetrating look at Angelica.

"My lord is plotting to do me kindness and to give me help. He would help me pay the rent of the house I have engaged," said Angelica. She went up to Lady W. and looked at her with a great sweetness. "Indeed, dear lady, you would have little to fear if none but such as I were to conspire against you—I, who owe so much, so very much, to your goodness."

"Do you still remember that?" said Lady W., softened by the very charm which raised her jealousy. She slowly put out her hand to Angel, who held it

gratefully in her own. For a minute the two women looked hard at one another. Then Lady W. suddenly melted and kissed the young painter on the brow. "Take this," she said, "for my sake," and she slipped a ring off her own finger to Angelica's: it was a little cameo set in brilliants, which the girl wore ever after. This tacit reconciliation greatly softened the pain of parting, for the younger woman.

As she stepped across the threshold of the little house she had taken, Angel's heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes sparkled. Here at last was a home. After her many wanderings, her long journeyings and uncertainties, here was a home. Here she could bring her father; dear, poor, proud, silly papa! Here she could work in peace, live her life, and be beholden to none.

The woman-servant Lady W. had recommended was standing curtsying at the foot of the stairs. The lamp had been lighted. It was a Roman three-beaked lamp that Angelica had found in some old shop, and bought after much hesitation. A fire had been lit in the studio. The little old house stood warm and welcoming, with an indescribable sense of rest about it, of proprietorship.

No bride coming to her new happy home for the first time could have felt more proudly excited than this little impulsive, well-meaning, foolish creature, who had, by sheer hard work and spirited determination, earned a right to this panelled nest. There was a drawing-room in front, with windows into Golden Square: that was the studio. It led into her bedroom, beyond which came a dressing-room. On the second floor was her father's bedroom; the dining-room was down below, with windows looking to the Square, and wooden cupboards by the fireplace. Angelica, to her surprise, found a beautiful old oak cabinet standing in the studio when she entered it on this eventful evening. She eagerly asked from whom it came. Had Lady W. graciously sent it as a sign of good-will? The woman could tell her nothing. Some men had brought it the day before. They had left a piece of paper with Miss Kauffmann's name. She had put it on the shelf.

The piece of paper told its story, although there was no name but Angelica's own upon it. But how well she knew those straight lines, black and even, although here and there the letters

seemed to tremble, as writing might do that was seen through water. Antonio had not quite forgotten her then? he was not quite gone—dear, kind old Antonio! Angelica went up and kissed the wooden doors that seemed to speak a welcome from her new-found, faithful old friend.

She was dancing about the room half the evening, straightening her few possessions, pulling out canvases, spreading her two or three mats to the best advantage. Then she began to write to her father. He must delay no longer; his house was ready; his child was longing for his presence. She sent money for the journey; she should be miserable until she had seen him sitting there just opposite by the fire. He must not mind dark days and cold biting winds; he should be warmed and comforted in his home whatever the world outside might prove to be. . . . Then she told him how the orders were coming in faster than she could execute them. And Antonio had sent a beautiful gift that made the whole place splendid. She could not thank him: she knew not where to seek him. . . .

As she wrote, Angelica looked up, hearing a sound. There stood Antonio himself, looking thin indeed, grey, more bent than usual, but kind, smiling, natural: his own gentlest self. His affection was ready to show itself by bright and friendly signs that evening, not by cross-grained reprimands and doubts.

These happy meetings come to all now and then; unexpected, un hoped for.

Angelica cried out with many questions, welcomes, explanations. How had he come? Was he hidden inside the cabinet? she asked with a laughing, grateful look.

"I am very glad you liked it," said Antonio smiling. "I thought it would please you when I saw it in the old shop at Windsor."

"Kind Tonio!" said Angelica. "But"—and she hesitated. "How could you . . . it must have cost—"

Antonio began to look black, and scowled at her for an instant.

"You think so much of the cost of things, Angelica. You measure your gifts by their value. Be reassured, the cabinet was a bargain, and I have plenty of money just now. I am painting the ceilings of the royal palace at Frogmore, and if you will, I am desired to ask you to undertake one of the rooms."

"I!" cried Angelica. "I have never done anything of the sort."

"Mrs. Mary Moser is engaged upon a very pretty set of panels," Zucchi continued, "and they would be glad of some of your work as well. You might paint allegories to your heart's content," he said, smiling.

"You are a magician, Antonio!" cried Angelica, gaily leaning back on her chair, and looking at him with the old familiar winning eyes. "Only wait till my father comes, and then I will go anywhere, do anything. They tell me I am to paint the queen and the princess shortly, at Windsor Castle. Is it not like a dream to be at home once more—to have a real house with doors and windows? To be sitting here, you and I, on each side of the fire?"

"It is like a dream to see you once more at ease, and in peace," said Antonio, between his teeth, "and to find that your head is not quite turned by your flatterers, since you can look pleased to welcome an old plain-spoken friend in a shabby coat."

It was one of the happiest evenings Angelica ever spent in all her life. The ease and liberty seemed delightful, after the restraint of the house in Charles Street. Antonio's presence was happiness too; he was in his best and most sympathetic mood. He had returned to her. No thought of what might or what might not be came to disturb her. Mr. Reynolds was also in her thoughts; that other friend, so tranquil, so reliable, surely she need never feel a doubt about him. Was she right? Is it so? Are calm ripples and placid silences the proof of deepest waters?

Antonio after some time remembered to explain his appearance. He had heard from Mr. Cipriani that she was coming, he said; the news had filled him with happiness. Then he smiled and added that he had not come up from Windsor, inside the cabinet, but on the carrier's cart.

Angelica asked him, with some curiosity, where he had been living all this time. Antonio told her that he had been staying with some good friends at Eton. "My friend is a kind old man, with six daughters," said Zucchi. "He is the drawing-master, and lives in the college. The young ladies are charming. They would be only too glad to receive you, if you should be sent for to work at the castle; they would make you very welcome."

"Six young ladies!" cried Angelica; "take care, take care, Antonio."

Antonio was silent for a moment. "A

painted trellis would be out of place," he said suddenly, looking up at the ceiling, "in this smoky city; but I will paint you a trellis, if you like."

"Yes," said Angelica, "and paint me a little blue sky, Antonio, and a bird, and some scent of orange-flowers." So they went on talking, and the warm happy hours passed on. Then a clock began to strike slowly.

"Is that twelve?" said Miss Angel.

"I don't know," said Antonio. Neither of them cared to shorten this peaceful meeting, snatched out of the cold and darkness and noise and racket all round about, and belonging to their friendship. But as the clock finished striking, Antonio's heart began to sink, and he felt somehow that the happy evening was over. And the Kauffmann, too, sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, of which while they talked, by some chance, one half had gone out and turned to blackness, while the other still burnt ruddy.

"Look there," said Angelica, "how oddly the fire burns." Antonio poked it with his foot.

"You know the superstition?" he answered; "they were speaking of it at Dr. Starr's only a day or two ago. It means, so they say, that two people who love each other are about to be parted;" and he looked at Angelica as he spoke. She was playing with her wristlets; a little flush was in her cheeks. "Antonio," she said, "do you think that people who are parted once can meet again?"

"That depends very much upon fortune's favours, and still more upon their own wishes," said Antonio, drily. "Chance gives you a sight of people; but you have yourself to make one in the meeting;" and then his voice softened. "We *have* met to-night, Angelica, and have been very happy. Perhaps, next time I see you, some lord will be here, with his coach-and-six, and you will not have so much time to give me."

"Time is nothing at all in friendship; you can't measure things by time," said Miss Angel. "There is no lord in question, Antonio; but, shall I tell you all? there *is* some one I often think of."

"Some one who loves you?" Antonio asked in a dry voice. He was standing up and preparing to go. "Can he keep you, Angelica? Has he got plenty of money? Is he highly esteemed at court? Has he servants in proper liveries?"

"How can you speak in that unkind

way!" she cried. "I open my heart to you, and this is how you answer me."

"Excuse me," said Antonio; "I was only talking as all your other friends will talk; for myself I say, if you love any one from your heart, were he as rich as Cræsus, marry him; ask no one's advice, and make no more difficulties."

"He is not as rich as Cræsus. I did not know I loved him when he spoke to me," said Angel, penitent without much cause; "but when you spoke just now about friends meeting, I could not help thinking of him, and wondering if it might ever come about. I think, Antonio, if he spoke to me again . . . He is older than I am; I can trust him and look to him."

"Is it that lord I saw in the box at the play?" asked Antonio.

"It is no lord," Angelica repeated, very much agitated; "it is a worker like ourselves; it is Mr. Reynolds, Antonio."

"What! the deaf man?" said the younger painter.

"I thought you would have cared about my interest," said Miss Angel, hurt by his tone and change of manner; "but I see you are indifferent, that you have not one thought to give to me."

"You see very wrongly," the other answered. "I could even approve of your marriage if you cared for the proposed husband. But that you do not, Angelica. Good-night!" and he was gone.

CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGH WINTER-TIME TO SPRING.

WHILE Antonio was walking home through the black midnight streets; while Mr. Reynolds was sitting in his own studio composing an article for the "Rambler" (the studio was still haunted by some paling ghost of Miss Angel); while the painter had quietly made up his mind to abandon the siege of the difficult fortress he had incautiously attacked, the fortress itself was secretly preparing to surrender, for it was built upon the sandy foundation of impulse, of youthful ardent imagination.

With all her faults, as I have said, Angelica was a genuine woman, incapable of deceiving any one, unless indeed she herself were deceived, and whatever she might realize now, she had at the time truly felt that gratified vanity was no return for true feeling. Misunderstandings are far more difficult things

than people imagine in love or in friendship. Some instinct protects travellers in that strange country where all is instinct, and if they disagree it is that from some secret reason they do not belong to each other, for quarrels are nothing to those who are united in sympathy.

If Mr. Reynolds spoke to her again, would she give him a different answer? "Perhaps I might graciously be pleased to allow that I was less indifferent than I had once appeared to be," she thought, and she tossed back her curl and opened wide her eyes, and discovered it was nearly one o'clock and time for bed.

Antonio came next morning before Angel was up. He was used to workmen, and to hurrying their reluctant hammers and whitening-pails. He took upon himself to dismiss two or three on the spot, feeling sure that Angelica's little store would be soon expended if she gave orders on the same scale as Lady W., who had sent in this army in all kindness and inexperience. Zucchi himself acted as chief artificer and foreman: the men seeing him take his place so naturally, imagined that he was the owner of the house and obeyed his orders. When Miss Angel appeared in her wrapping-gown and cap, she found that Antonio had accomplished wonders in a hard morning's work, that everything was in order in the studio. The princess, followed by the whole court, might come when she would.

"I hope you forgive me for interfering," said Zucchi; "you must remember how quickly money goes in this country, and that one man's day here costs three times as much as with us."

"The days are much shorter and blacker here than with us," said Angelica. "They ought to be cheap enough: how good of you, Tonio, to come to my help; what shall you want for your work? See here," she said, running into her room and coming out again with Lady Diana's pocket-book. "I have saved 80%, and Lady Diana has lent 100% for my rent. I am to get 15% for three fans I am painting, to-morrow."

"Do you mean that this is all you have got to reckon on?" cried Zucchi. "I thought those rich had loaded you with their miserable favours. Is this their dole in return for what you have done for them? You will be starving in a month or two, if you go on at this rate, my poor child: where is your father, that old mummy? Why does he not come to

take care of you?" he said, very much agitated.

Antonio, brought up in the severe order of poverty, had an exaggerated horror of want and of debt, as he had of Angelica's incapacity. Angelica was perfectly justified under the circumstances in doing as she had done; but it is certain that Antonio's cranky anxieties saved her money, labour, and many a consequent worry just at this time.

He used to come for an hour in the morning and for an hour in the evening. Angelica was not always there; but on her return she was sure to find some trace of his presence and of the industry of the trembling hands. From the very first so many people came to Angelica's studio that his presence was little remarked upon. The Lord Essex of those days was her great friend and patron, so was Lord Henry Belmore, not to be rebuffed, and Lord W. would also, hurry in and out occasionally; Mr. Fuseli came many times; Mr. Boydell and his brother, the artistic alderman, were entirely captivated with the young artist, and so indeed were many others too numerous to mention.

All that winter the little house had been alive with voices, and footsteps, and greetings, and exclamations of wonder and admiration from friends, lovers, patrons, and admirers of both sexes. In the engrossment of settling down, of feeling her own success and importance, Angelica thought less of Mr. Reynolds than she did later when the first excitement of this new way of living had somewhat palled upon her. Who could have imagined that this cold foggy life was to be so full of vibrating emotion and of romance? Rome, with all her wonders, had contained far more commonplace experiences than this black and vapour-haunted city. Lady Diana came often at first, then more rarely, for she looked on with doubtful approbation at Miss Angel's experiences. Lady W. also came. She seemed to have forgiven Angelica. Angel, standing in the deep windows of her studio, could see her torches flaring up the street as the lady travelled homewards in her chair; as the lights would disappear into the fog, Angel would ask herself if she was indeed the little girl of a year ago, who had stood eating grapes and looking over the Rialto. The remembrance of it sometimes came over her so vividly that she seemed to breathe the air, to hear the voices, the

sound of the feet trailing upon the bridge. Zucchi's voice did not jar upon these recollections, although he sent them flying.

All that winter Angelica was too busy, too engrossed to look back often; the present was all in all. She rarely met Mr. Reynolds; but when she did come across him he seemed to avoid her, she thought, and just at this time she was content that it should be so, and glad of the postponement. That all would come right she never questioned; of her power to call anybody to her feet she scarcely doubted. "I can look at people," she once told Antonio, half in jest and half in earnest, "and make them turn pale and do anything I wish; but I don't, Antonio. I could make you much kinder if I tried. But I am used to your scoldings."

Antonio left the room, banging the door.

So time, and sitters, and days passed by in turn, the house in Golden Square prospered and flourished, and Angelica was delighted with her own triumphs and successes, and the time drew near for old Kauffmann's arrival.

The Princess of Brunswick had given so flattering an account of the young painter that the Princess of Wales, the mother of the king, sent a message to say that she was coming to visit Angelica in her studio. "Such an honour was never paid to any other painter," writes Angelica to her transported old father. He read the letter to his sister, the farmer's widow, to the dairy-maid, to the *curé* after mass, to the goatherd, to the very goats upon the mountain slope. The whole valley participated in the Kauffmann's distant honours and glories. They urged him to lose no time, to start off immediately to the golden scene of his daughter's triumph. "In London, that great city, the applause," says Rossi, "was universal. The public papers contained verses in different languages written in her praise."

It required no little courage and dogged opposition on Antonio's part to continue his system of detraction and plain-speaking as he called it. One can never account for the curious phases of people's mind. To him Angelica was an inadequate genius; but a more complete woman perhaps than any other he had ever known; more complete in her feminine power than all the six Miss Starrs at Windsor put together; than the Princess of Brunswick in her velvet mantles;

than Lady W. with all her beauty, her gentle affectations, and cultivated vapours.

Sometimes Antonio coming in would find the young painter sitting surrounded by a circle of admirers. Not unfrequently she would be talking nonsense in a high, ecstatic voice. "Yes!" she would say, "I will confess to you all that it has been a something beyond me that has ever driven me onward through life, seeking for the most beautiful and ideal representation of the truth. That is why I try to give some deep allegorical meaning to all that I depict. If I have painted this picture of my friend Mary Moser as 'Prudence sacrificing to Duty and enchaining the wings of Cupid,' it is because I have felt that in the most commonplace form and feature" (here there was a little suppressed titter in the circle which Angel did not notice — Mr. Fuseli alone frowned and looked annoyed) "there is often a moral, a suggestion far beyond the passing moment, and to that we must cling if we would not utterly weary and sicken of the dull disappointments and realities of life." She started up as she spoke, a slim prophetess in a white falling dress, pointing to the picture she had just completed. Some classical recess in the wall just behind made an arch above her head. It was an April evening; the window was open; the dusk was creeping in. A great vase of spring flowers stood on a table by her side.

"I do not comprehend," said Antonio, in his slow English, "why an allegory should be of more value to the world than a truth. I should have imagined until now that a good likeness, carefully painted, is what one wishes for, in remembrance of a friend, not a classical allusion to something else which does not concern anybody in particular."

Miss Angel blushed up. Some secret conscience warned her that she had been making a display, but why was Antonio to lecture her in public; she said nothing, but she showed by her manner that she was displeased.

Contradiction from Zucchi always roused the secret gipsy in Angelica's character. True friends are sorts of magnifying-glasses. Antonio was a true friend, and saw her perhaps as she really was, with some slight exaggeration.

For Antonio alone, perhaps, she was but herself — no wonder such as all these people would have declared her to be, no mighty mistress of her art, but a sweet

and impulsive-hearted girl, whose arch bright looks, half-saucy, half-appealing, went straight to his heart, whose constant self-denying work and application he knew how to appreciate. Perhaps she pursued her way too triumphantly; perhaps if her pictures had cost her more, they might have been better worth the sweet lifetime she had given to them, the hours of youth, of gaiety, and natural amusement and interest sacrificed to these smiling ladies vaguely waving their arms or reclining upon impossible banks. He praised her colouring, and Angel's cheeks would burn in answer. Her sentiment was charming, but her drawing was absurd, and he did not scruple to tell her so.

CHAPTER XVII.

A GAME OF CARDS.

A GREAT many things exist that it is useless to close one's eyes upon, and yet the very wants and disappointments and ineffectual efforts may themselves be a sort of proof of the possibility of the things to which we cannot quite reach, the love we cannot quite hold, the duty we cannot quite fulfil. Is life a science? Are not its very deviations sometimes the key to its secrets? Are we all philosophers with instincts which set us to work upon its awful problems?

Angel was not philosophizing just now. She had not written her little fly-leaves of late, or sat pondering her simple articles of faith. I do not think she was living with her best self all these months. A new phase had come over her; it is one which people decry, but to me it has always seemed a sort of game no better nor worse than any other—the great game of the London world and its odd interests and superstitions. From being a spectator you are insensibly absorbed in the performance. You begin to understand the points, the tricks, the turns of it—the value of this trump-card played against that one. Two for a queen, three for a king, and knaves and diamonds have their value too, and you unconsciously sort your hand and play your trick, and find yourself one day deeply excited by this lively living whist-marking, dealing out, bidding. It is but a game, and one day the humblest player may throw down his cards with a weary shrug. I don't know that there is greater harm than in any other pursuit until the day comes when men give their honour and women stake their hearts' truth, and

their children's happiness, and the peace of their homes. Was Angelica in danger of staking her poor little heart?

Miss Angel was not in love with anybody, as I have said. She thought more of Mr. Reynolds at that time than of any other person. If Mr. Reynolds had come back, she would have accepted him. She always turned to her remembrance of him with gratitude and confidence, and somehow her conscience approved and Antonio approved, but Mr. Reynolds himself seemed to avoid her. His reserve gave her some concern; but she trusted to Miss Reynolds to remove it. Although Mr. Reynolds absented himself, Miss Reynolds was her constant visitor, and from her the young painter used to hear of his doings—of the work he was engaged upon, of the people he lived with. Lord Charlemont had proposed him for the Dilettante, the beautiful Duchess of Manchester was sitting to him, so was Nelly O'Brien, whose bright eyes still meet our admiring glances. He was as constant as ever to his club; he came, he went, he worked, perhaps harder than usual, and yet—

"Something is amiss," said Miss Reynolds, hesitating. "Perhaps you can tell me what it is?" she said, one day, with one of her impulsive darts.

They were riding in Mr. Reynolds' big coach, which had just then stopped at Dr. Burney's door in Poland Street. More than once the great primrose coach had conveyed Angelica to Dr. Burney's musical parties. On this occasion, in an interval of Piozzi's singing, Miss Reynolds returned to the discussion.

"He is not himself," said the elder lady, anxiously. "I have never seen my brother so dull—so depressed in manner—"

"I think he has forgotten me altogether," said Miss Angel. "The other evening at the market, when I would have spoken to him (I had sent away a couple of my friends on purpose), he would not come near me; he merely said, 'Are you enjoying the scene, my dear young lady? Do not let me be the means of dispersing your attendant knights;' and he passed on. Tell me—what does it mean?" cried Miss Angel, suddenly, and she seized Miss Reynolds' mitten in her quick hand. "It is hard to be estranged from those whose affection one values." Angel's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, her fan slipped to the ground, some one sprang forward to pick it up—a stately-looking person in mourn-

ing garb. It was an old friend who had lately appeared in London society, Count de Horn, whom she had first known at Venice. Angelica took the fan from him with a pretty little "*monie*," and let him kiss her hand as he returned it and departed with one more bow. She hastily brushed her tears away behind its sheltering cupids. She was not sorry that Miss Reynolds should see she was not without adorers still, although Mr. Reynolds chose to be absent for such long weeks together. She was surprised when she looked up to notice some expression of disapprobation in Miss Reynolds' face; her eyebrows were working, her little round button mouth was quivering.

"What is it, my dear lady?" said Angelica. "Are you vexed? are you —"

"Oh! it is not I, dear child, whose opinion matters," said Miss Reynolds, looking about perplexed, "nor does my brother's, for the matter of that, and indeed it was I who said it, and he only replied, 'Poor child! she is not used to our English ways.' But you must have remarked that he is fastidious about ladies' behaviour—he puts me in mind of my father in that; and if he objects to the persons who pay you court, dear child," said Miss Reynolds, tenderly, taking Angel's hand in hers, "has he not a good reason—one that you cannot resent?"

Miss Angel blushed up. "Dear Miss Reynolds," she began. Miss Reynolds coloured in her turn and went on unheeding. "People say that my brother is not the first to have some reason to complain. You do not mean—you do not realize—oh, my dear, forgive an old woman who has long, long since passed beyond such things, but who can still remember and who, if she speaks harshly, only wishes you well from her very heart. You are worthy even of his affection, and his sadness cuts me to the quick."

Angelica did not answer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BE THE FIRE ASHES.

SOME odd phase had come over the girl. A week ago I believe she would have turned away from such words, pre-occupied perhaps, or amused, or offended. Now it seemed as if she had for the first time faced the *seriousness* of life as it passed—realized the fact that people could suffer from her light indifference—suddenly understood that slight and indeterminate as most events are, they are,

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after all, our lives, and we have nothing else to live with.

She had played with other people's happiness of late. She had had real happiness and inflicted real pain. She had received a lesson from Mr. Reynolds that she scarcely deserved from *him*, although it might perhaps have applied more truly to her relations with Zucchi, with poor Fuseli, about whom her conscience did not acquit her. Mr. Dance, too, had reproached her. She would forget it all if she could. Why could she not forget it? Were they all speaking the truth? Was it indeed an unpardonable crime to be pleased and interested and happy in the society of more than one person?

As thoughts run on indeterminately without words or sense, they turn into moods, into phases of mind. All the next day Angelica came and went about her work with the impression upon her of her conversation with Miss Reynolds. Coming in from a short walk, she found her old maid-servant standing in the passage; she was holding a great bunch of roses that had just come from Leicester Fields with a note from Miss Reynolds:

"MY DEAREST MISS KAUFFMANN,

"My brother sends you these from his garden at Richmond; he hopes to do himself the honour of calling upon you to-day. Shall you be at home at about five o'clock?"

"Your ever most faithful and affectionate servant,
F. R."

All that morning Angel had been somewhat tired. Her painting had not satisfied her. Lady Diana had come, and, finding Count de Horn in the studio, had gone away almost immediately with marked coldness of manner.

Angelica began to long for a little of the placid sunshine of old days. The roses and the straggling sunbeam wandering up the old staircase carried her right away.

The count's manner had vexed her, she could hardly tell why. She felt instinctively that Mr. Reynolds would not have approved. It was not familiarity; it was uneasiness, some want of bearing. How different his affected courtliness was from Mr. Reynolds' simple courtesy!

She put the roses carefully in water. They had given her a sense of rest. Their fragrance filled the room as she sat down to her painting, and worked on undisturbed by outward things. But that day her hand trembled as Zucchi's did. The canvas seemed to dazzle before

her. Some strange tumult had taken possession of the young painter.

She was engaged upon a pretty and delicate medallion which Lord Essex had ordered. Some Venus, some Cupid, reclining in balmy gardens very far from Golden Square and from its work-a-day inhabitants. To our excited Angelica the lights seemed flashing from the picture, the Cupid's eyes seemed to meet hers. She felt almost frightened at last, and turned away with an impatient movement, as the tall doors open wide, and with the quiet swinging-step and dignity that are peculiar to him, Mr. Reynolds walks into the room. For a minute Miss Angel, usually so out-coming, was silent and embarrassed in her reception. He was calm and friendly, greeted her somewhat shyly. She saw him presently glance at the flowers.

"Thank you for sending them," she said. "You know my love for roses. These have come out early."

"Some roses we know bloom in November," said the painter, with a little bow to the November rose now quivering before him.

Angelica looked up somewhat wistfully. She could not face those anxious bland glances. Something—what was it?—in his calm superiority seemed to fascinate her will, to compel her willing service. To this impetuous, impressionable, fantastical young person, it seemed as if his judgment and tender consideration might be the calm haven for which she longed. Poor little thing, she was suddenly tired of the rout, so tired of it all—tired of her hard work, tired of the compliments which in her heart she did not accept, longing for some anchor to her labouring craft.

She dragged forward a chair, and bestirred herself to make him welcome. "I knew you would come, Mr. Reynolds; something told me you would come to-day, even before I received your flowers."

"What made you expect me?" said Mr. Reynolds, looking surprised. "I have often thought of coming, wished to come, but it was only this afternoon when my sister told me that you had honoured me by remarking my absence that I decided——"

He stopped, arrested by the strange expression of her face. There was something spiritual, half-rapt, half-excited, in her looks at that moment. She shook back her great curl; her colour rose.

Had he been unhappy all this time? So his words now implied (they had, in truth, no such meaning). Could she set it all right, make him happy once more; by a single word ensure her own lasting peace, his ever-present friendship? She started from her chair.

"Perhaps some instinct spoke to me," she cried, a little wildly; "perhaps we are less indifferent to each other than you may have imagined. I have not forgotten the honour you once did me. If you also remember—if you also remember," she repeated, "as your sister has led me to suppose that you do, I might give a different answer now to that which I gave you then."

She looked up, expecting to see a smile upon his face, a reflection of her own excitement. "I have thought much and deeply since last we met," she said. "It is not too late to try and make amends to you for my mistake." Angelica's heart was throbbing fast.

Reynolds looked very pale, and for a moment he in turn could scarcely meet Angel's looks. "My child," he said, "I will not, must not take advantage of your confidence. When I spoke to you before I was in a different mood, carried away by a passing impulse, which I cannot regret, since it has brought me this generous mark of your goodness. But you were right in your decision. You yourself caused me to reflect. I could not hope to make one of your young and ardent nature happy, and I could never be happy, feeling that I had sacrificed your life to a friendship which will be yours whatever chances. I scarcely know what words to use to tell you, my dear, of my respect and gratitude—to tell you how I am honoured by your noble confidence. I hope to prove to you," he added, "that I am not unworthy of it."

Angelica scarcely heard what words he was saying. Afterwards she remembered them, and they were some consolation to her; but at the time some sudden feeling of overwhelming shame, of indignation, almost of horror at what had occurred, overcame her completely. It seemed to her that she had been mad, bereft of her reason; and now for once Angelica spoke against her nature, against her own conviction. "You are right," she said, coldly; "I spoke under misapprehension; we have neither of us that regard for each other which would warrant the step I foolishly proposed—a step suggested by another person."

"But we are friends for life," said Mr. Reynolds. "Is it not so?"

She could not answer at that moment, and she was thankful when, by some curious chance, Lady W. was announced by the man-servant, coming in for the second time upon their estrangement. That first explanation now seemed almost a meeting compared to this cruel moment. How Angel got through the next half-hour she scarcely knew. She was conscious of Mr. Reynolds' mute appeal and courteous, grateful, almost deprecating manner; of Lady W.'s renewed interest and affection. It all seemed to her to be meant for some other person—some one who was not present. She was thankful when they left her at last. Zucchi happened to come in as usual, and she imploringly whispered to him to take them away, that she wanted to be alone. She *must* be alone, and she sank down upon the low couch in the now darkened room. She covered her face with her hands, with a sort of despair in goodness in human nature. Was there no single person to trust in all this world?

Had she been actuated by vanity when she turned to this grave and good man? Ah, no! her conscience absolved her; but what had she done?

Miss Reynolds had deceived her unpardonably and most cruelly. Angelica felt as if she could forgive her friend in time, but not yet. And as for her friendship, was this her experience of it? It was very, very late, and she sat there, half worn-out, without spirit to move. She felt that there was something in her that the slightest movement or word would awaken.

Was this what she had unwillingly inflicted upon others—this miserable torture of heart? Had some demon taken hold of her in her trouble?

From The Cornhill Magazine.

HAVE WE TWO BRAINS?

RECENTLY Dr. Brown-Sequard has brought somewhat prominently before the American scientific world the theory—advanced many years ago by Sir Henry Holland and others—that we have two brains, each perfectly sufficient for the full performance of the mental functions. The general opinion respecting the two halves of the brain was formerly that the left side is the organ serving in the movements and feeling of

the right side of the body, while, *vice versa*, the right side serves in volition and sensation for the left side of the body. But Dr. Brown-Sequard endeavours to show that this is not a necessary relation; and he maintains not only that we have two brains, but that as we make use of only one in thought, we leave quite useless one-half of the most important of our organs as regards manifestations of intelligence. He points out that if this statement be just, it is a matter of extreme importance to deal carefully with the question whether "we ought not to give education to the two sides of the brain, or rather to the two brains."

We would here recall the reader's attention to a point on which we insisted formerly, the analogy namely between the bodily and the mental powers. We said that the action of the brain is a process not merely depending upon, but in its turn affecting, the physical condition of the brain, precisely as muscular action of any given kind not only depends on the quality of the muscles employed, but also affects the condition of those muscles. The analogy on which we then dwelt, and the deductions we then pointed to, are illustrated, and in their turn illustrate Brown-Sequard's theory. The bodily powers are duplex, and very few of the bodily organs are single, though several which are really double may appear to be single. Now we train both members of these twofold bodily organs which are under the control of volition: sometimes both equally, as in the case of the eyes and ears; sometimes with a very slight difference, as in the case of the two legs; sometimes with a noticeable difference, as in the case of the two arms. Having these pairs of members we do not think of suffering one to do all the work, and the other to remain idle; as one eye, or one ear, or one arm might.

But we can conceive the case of a race of beings possessing limbs and organs such as we have, but through some defect in their method of training the bodily powers, using only or chiefly one member of each pair. To such a race it would be a new doctrine, and a very important one, that both members of every pair could be used with equal or nearly equal efficiency. The theory, at first startling by its novelty, would before long be established in a practical manner; and the race would find their powers much more than doubled by this duplication of their limbs and organs. Now something like this is what Dr. Brown-

Sequard promises as the result of his theory if practically adopted. In the remote future, perhaps, after many generations have followed the rules which he suggests for bringing both halves of the brain or both brains into operation, a community with brains more effective than ours will arise. Mental one-sidedness will disappear, and remembering that such terms imply not mere analogies between mental and bodily power but actual physical facts, we perceive that it is a matter of extreme importance to the human race to inquire on what evidence Brown-Sequard bases his ideas.

One of the proofs on which Dr. Wigan insisted, in supporting Holland's theory, was the fact that among insane persons we often recognize two different minds, either one sane and the other insane, or both insane, but in different degrees. No one who has studied the literature of insanity can fail to recall instances; but we shall venture to quote in illustration a passage from an American narrative, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," which is based, we are assured, on an actual case, which came under the notice of the author of that pleasant story.

"Ralph stood looking into a cell, where there was a man with a gay red plume in his hat, and a strip of red flannel about his waist. He strutted up and down like a drill-sergeant. 'I am General Jackson,' he began; 'people don't believe it, but I am. I had my head shot off at Bueny Visty, and the new one that grewed on isn't nigh so good as the old one; it's tater on one side. That's why they took advantage of me to shut me up. But I know some things. My head is tater on one side, but it's all right on t'other. And when I know a thing in the left side of my head I know it.'" (This illustrates a point on which Dr. Wigan specially insisted. An insane patient knows he is insane. He will put forward insane ideas, and immediately after having put them forward he will say, "I know they are insane." "The lunatic is at one and the same time perfectly rational," says Brown-Sequard, "and perfectly insane." Dr. Wigan concluded, like the poor lunatic of the Indiana workhouse, that in such cases one-half of the brain is normal and the other half diseased; one-half employs the faculties in a normal way, the other half employs them in a wrong way.) The crazy pauper is called on to give evidence, or rather he introduces himself to the judges, with the remark that one side of his head being

"sound as a nut," he "kin give information." He refuses to be sworn, because "he knows himself." "You see, when a feller's got one side of his head tater, he's mighty onsartain like. You don't swear me, for I can't tell what minute the tater side'll begin to talk. I'm talkin' out of the lef' side now, and I'm all right. But you don't swar me. But if you'll send some of your constables out to the barn at the poorhouse and look under the haymow in the north-east corner, you'll find some things maybe as has been a missin' for some time. And that ain't out of the tater side neither." The exactness of the information, with the careful references to locality and time, as also the suggestion of the proper course of action—not merely "go and look," but send some of your constables, &c.—all this illustrates well the perfect contrast often existing between the two states in which a so-called lunatic exists.

There are cases, however, which are even more interesting, in which two different mental conditions are presented, neither of which presents any indication of mental disease, except such as might be inferred from the completeness of the gap which separates one from the other. Dr. Brown-Sequard gives the following account of a case of this kind. "I saw a boy," he says, "at Notting Hill, in London, who had two mental lives. In the course of the day, generally at the same time, but not constantly, his head was seen to fall suddenly. He remained erect, however, if he was standing, or if sitting he remained in that position; if talking, he stopped talking for awhile; if making a movement he stopped moving for awhile; and after one or two minutes of that state of falling forward or drooping of the head (and he appeared as if falling asleep suddenly, his eyes closing), immediately after that his head rose, he started up, opening his eyes, which were now perfectly bright, and looking quite awake. Then, if there was anybody in the room whom he had not previously seen, he would ask who the person was, and why he was not introduced to him. He had seen me a great many times, and knew me very well. Being with him once when one of these attacks occurred, he lifted his head and asked his mother, 'Who is this gentleman? Why don't you introduce him to me?' His mother introduced me to him. He did not know me at all. He shook hands with me, and then I had a conversation with him as a physician may have with a patient. On

the next instance when I was present during an attack of this kind, I found that he recognized me fully, and talked of what we had spoken of in our first interview. I ascertained from what I witnessed in these two instances, and also (and chiefly, I may add) from his mother, a very intelligent woman, that he had two lives in reality—two mental lives—one in his ordinary state, and another occurring after that attack of a kind of sleep for about a minute or two, when he knew nothing of what existed in his other life. In his abnormal life, the events of his normal life were forgotten—his ordinary life became a blank.* He knew nothing during that second state about what had occurred in previous periods of that same condition; but he knew full well all that had occurred then, and his recollection of everything was as perfect then as it was during his ordinary life concerning the ordinary acts of that life. He had therefore two actually distinct lives, in each of which he knew everything which belonged to the wakeful period of

that life, and in neither of which did he know anything of what had occurred in the other. He remained in the abnormal—or rather the less usual state, for a time which was extremely variable—between one and three hours, and after that he fell asleep, and got out of that state of mind pretty much in the same way that he had got into it. I have seen three other cases of that kind, and as so many have fallen under the eyes of one single medical practitioner, such cases cannot be extremely rare."

The circumstances just described will probably remind the reader of cases of somnambulism, during the recurrence of which the person affected recalls the circumstances which had taken place during the previous attack, of which in the intervening wakeful state he had been altogether oblivious. Dr. Carpenter, in his fine work on mental physiology, records several instances.* Forbes Winslow cites cases in which intoxication has produced similar effects; as, for instance, when a drunken messenger left a parcel in a place which he was quite unable to recall when sober; but, becoming drunk again, remembered where it was, and so saved his character for honesty through the loss of his sobriety.

It may fairly be reasoned, however, that the actual duality of the brain is not demonstrated or even suggested by cases such as these last. In fact, it is not difficult to cite evidence which, if interpreted in the same way, would show that we have three brains, or four, or more. Thus Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, records that "an Italian gentleman, who died of yellow fever in New York, in the beginning of his illness spoke English, in the middle of it French, but on the day of his death only Italian." It is manifest that the interpretation of this case, and therefore of others of the same kind, must be very different from that which Brown-Sequard assigns, perhaps correctly, to the case of twofold mental life above related. Knowing as we do how greatly

* We have been compelled slightly to modify the report of Dr. Brown-Sequard's statement. Though manifestly a report taken by short-hand writers, and intended to be *verbatim*, there are places where it is clear that either a part of a sentence has been omitted or some words are wrongly reported. We speak from experience in saying that even in America, where lectures are much more carefully reported than in England, mistakes are not uncommon. The enterprise of the *New York Tribune*, in taking full reports of lectures considered noteworthy, is a well-known and most creditable feature of American journalism. But it is a mistake to suppose that reports, even if actually *verbatim*, can exactly represent a lecturer's meaning. A speaker, by varieties of inflection, emphasis, and so on, to say nothing of expression, action, and illustration, can indicate his exact meaning, while using language which written in the ordinary manner may appear indistinct and confused. Thus a most exact and carefully-prepared lecture may appear loose and slipshod in the report. This applies to the case where a lecturer speaks at so moderate a rate that the short-hand writers can secure every word, and is true even when in writing out their report they make no mistake—though this seldom happens, as any one will readily understand who is acquainted with the stenographic art. But the case is much worse if a lecturer is a rapid speaker. A reporter is compelled to omit words and sentences occasionally, and such omissions are absolutely fatal to the effect of a lecture, regarded either as a demonstration or as a work of art. Still more unfortunate will it be for a lecturer if he should be carried away by his subject, and pour forth rapidly the thoughts which have come uncalled into existence. Take the most eloquent passage from the pages of Sir J. Herschel, Tyndall, or Huxley, strike out as many words, not quite necessary to the sense, as shall destroy completely the flow and rhythm of the passage, omit every third sentence, and leave the rest to be slowly read by a perplexed student, and the effect will correspond to the report of passages which as delivered formed the most effective part of a lecture. The result may be a useful mental exercise, but will surely not be suggestive of fervid eloquence. The student of such reports will do well to read as it were between the lines, taking what appears as rather the symbol of what was said than its actual substance. So read such reports are of great value.

* One of these, however, is scarcely worthy of a place in Dr. Carpenter's book. We refer to the narrative at p. 596, of a servant-maid, rather given to sleep-walking, who missed one of her combs, and charged a fellow-servant who slept in the same room with stealing it, but one morning awoke with the comb in her hand. "There is no doubt," says Dr. Carpenter, "that she had put it away on a previous night without preserving any waking remembrance of the occurrence; and that she had recovered it when the remembrance of its hiding-place was brought to her by the recurrence of the state in which it had been secreted." This is not altogether certain. The other servant might have been able to give a different account of the matter.

brain-action depends on the circulation of the blood in the vessels of the brain, we can be at no loss to understand the cases of the former kind, without requiring a distinct brain for the different memories excited.* In the same way possibly we might explain the well-known case of an insane person who became sane during an attack of typhus fever at the stage when sane persons commonly become delirious, his insanity returning as the fever declined. But we seem led rather to Dr. Brown-Sequard's interpretation, by a case which recently came under discussion in our law-courts, where a gentleman whose mind had become diseased was restored to sanity by a fall which was so serious in its bodily consequences as to be the subject of an action for damages.

But perhaps the most remarkable illustration of a double life is one which has been brought before the notice of the scientific world recently; some time, we believe, after Brown-Sequard's views were published. We refer to the case recently published by Dr. Mesnet, and referred to in Dr. Huxley's remarkable lecture at Belfast on the hypothesis that animals are or may be automata. We do not purpose to quote Huxley's account in full, as no doubt many of our readers have already seen it, but the following facts are necessary to show the bearing of the case on Sequard's theory:—"A sergeant of the French army, F—, twenty-seven years of age, was wounded at the battle of Bazeilles, by a ball which fractured his left parietal bone. He ran his bayonet through the Prussian soldier who wounded him, but almost immediately his right arm became paralyzed; after walking about two hundred yards his right leg became similarly affected, and he lost his senses. When he recovered them, three weeks afterwards, in hospital at Mayence, the right half of the body was completely paralyzed, and remained in this condition for a year. At present, the only trace of the paralysis which remains is a slight weakness of the right half of the body. Three or four months after the wound was inflicted, periodical disturbances of the functions of the brain made their appearance, and have continued ever since. The disturbances last from fifteen

to thirty hours, the intervals at which they occur being from fifteen to thirty days. For four years, therefore, the life of this man has been divided into alternating phases, short abnormal states intervening between long normal states."

It is important to notice here that although this case somewhat resembles that of Brown-Sequard's two-lived boy, we have in the soldier's case a duality brought about by a different cause, an accident affecting the *left* side of the head—that side, as we shall presently see, which is regarded as ordinarily if not always the seat of chief intellectual activity. The soldier's right side was paralyzed, confirming the theory that so far as the bodily movements are concerned the left brain chiefly rules the right-hand organs of the body, and *vice versa*. But the man had recovered from his paralysis, so that either the left side of the brain had been partially restored or else the right brain had acquired the power of directing the movements of the right-hand organs. But the periodical disturbances came on three or four months after the wound was inflicted, that is, more than half a year before the paralysis disappeared. We have, then: 1st, three weeks of unconsciousness, during which we may suppose that the left side of the brain was completely stunned (if we may apply to the brain an expression properly relating to the condition of the man); secondly, we have three months during which the man was conscious, and in his normal mental condition, but paralyzed; thirdly, we have more than half a year during which a double mental life went on, but the left side of the brain was still so far affected that the right side of the body was paralyzed; and lastly, we have more than three years of this double mental life, the bodily functions in the man's normal life being, it would appear, completely restored.

Assuming, then, Sequard's theory for the moment, we have to inquire whether the man's normal condition implies the action of the uninjured right brain, or of the restored left brain, and also to determine whether the recovery from paralysis has resulted from a more complete restoration of the left brain, or from the right brain having acquired a power formerly limited to the left brain. The fact that the man's normal mental condition returned as soon as consciousness was restored does not show that this condition depends on the action of the left brain, for in the unconscious state both

* "No simple term," says Sir Henry Holland, "can express the various effects of accident, disease, or decay, upon this faculty, so strangely partial in this aspect, and so abrupt in the changes they undergo, that the attempt to classify them is almost as vain as the research into their cause." The term "dislocation of memory" was proposed by him for the phenomena of complete but temporary forgetfulness.

brains were at rest. Rather it might seem to imply that the right brain was the brain active in the normal mental state, for the continued paralysis of the right side showed that the left brain was not completely restored. Yet it has been so clearly shown by other and independent researches that the left brain is the chief seat of intellectual activity that we seem forced to adopt the opinion that this man's normal condition depends on the action of the left brain. And we may perhaps assume, from the length of time during which the right side remained paralyzed after the left brain had resumed a portion of its functions, that the other portion—the control of the right-hand organs—has never been recovered at all by the left brain, but that the right brain has acquired the power, a result which, as we shall presently see, accords well with experience in other cases.

It would almost seem, on Brown-Sequard's hypothesis—though we must admit that the hypothesis does not explain all the difficulties in this very singular case—that the right brain having assumed one set of functions belonging to the left, from time to time tries, as it were, to assume also another set of functions belonging to the left, viz., the control of mental operations, the weakened left brain passing temporarily into unconsciousness. The matter is, however, complicated by peculiarities in the bodily state, and in sensorial relations during the abnormal condition. The whole case, is, in fact, replete with difficulties, as Professor Huxley well points out,* and it seems to us these difficulties are not diminished by Brown-Sequard's theory.

Let us consider some of the facts of the man's twofold life:—"In the periods of normal life the ex-sergeant's health is perfect; he is intelligent and kindly, and performs satisfactorily the duties of a hospital attendant. The commencement of the abnormal state is ushered in by uneasiness and a sense of weight about the forehead, which the patient compares

to the constriction of a circle of iron; and after its termination he complains for some hours of dulness and heaviness of the head. But the transition from the normal to the abnormal state takes place in a few minutes, without convulsions or cries, and without anything to indicate the change to a bystander. His movements remain free and his expression calm, except for a contraction of the brow, an incessant movement of the eye-balls, and a chewing motion of the jaws. The eyes are wide open, and their pupils dilated. If the man happens to be in a place to which he is accustomed he walks about as usual; but if he is in a new place, or if obstacles are intentionally placed in his way, he stumbles gently against them, stops, and then, feeling over the objects with his hands, passes on one side of them. He offers no resistance to any change of direction which may be impressed upon him, or to the forcible acceleration or retardation of his movements. He eats, drinks, smokes, walks about, dresses and undresses himself, rises and goes to bed at the accustomed hours. Nevertheless, pins may be run into his body, or strong electric shocks sent through it without causing the least indication of pain; no odorous substance, pleasant or unpleasant, makes the least impression; he eats and drinks with avidity whatever is offered, and takes asafœtida, or vinegar, or quinine, as readily as water; no noise affects him; and light influences him only under certain conditions. Dr. Mesnet remarks that the sense of touch alone seems to persist, and indeed to be more acute and delicate than in the normal state; and it is by means of the nerves of touch, almost exclusively, that his organism is brought into relation with the outer world."

Such are the general phenomena presented by this curious case. As respects details of the man's behaviour under particular circumstances, we refer our readers to Professor Huxley's paper in the *Fortnightly Review* for last November. But one peculiarity is so noteworthy, and rightly understood gives so special an interest to Brown-Sequard's hypothesis, that we must quote it at length, together with the significant remarks with which Professor Huxley introduces the subject. "Those," he says, "who have had occasion to become acquainted with the phenomena of somnambulism and mesmerism will be struck with the close parallel which they present to the proceedings of F. in his abnormal state. But the great

* We may in passing note that the case of Brown-Sequard's double-lived boy throws some light on the question whether the soldier is conscious in his abnormal state. Professor Huxley says justly that it is impossible to prove whether F. is conscious or not, because in his abnormal condition he does not possess the power of describing his condition. But the two conditions of the boy's life were not distinguished in this way, for he was perfectly rational, and could describe his sensations in both conditions. The only evidence we can have of any other person's consciousness was afforded by this boy during his abnormal state. But what strange thoughts are suggested by this twofold consciousness—or, rather (for twofold consciousness is intelligible enough), by this alternate unconsciousness. To the boy in one state, what was the other life? *Whose* was the life of which he was unconscious?

value of Dr. Mesnet's observations lies in the fact that the abnormal condition is traceable to a definite injury to the brain, and that the circumstances are such as to keep us clear of the cloud of voluntary and involuntary fictions in which the truth is too often smothered in such cases. In the unfortunate subjects of such abnormal conditions of the brain, the disturbance of the sensory and intellectual faculties is not unfrequently accompanied by a perturbation of the moral nature which may manifest itself in a most astonishing love of lying for its own sake. And in this respect, also, F.'s case is singularly instructive, for although in his normal state he is a perfectly honest man, in his abnormal condition he is an inveterate thief, stealing and hiding away whatever he can lay hands on, with much dexterity, and with an absurd indifference as to whether the property is his own or not. Hoffmann's terrible conception of the '*Doppelt-gänger*' is realized by men in this state, who live two lives, in the one of which they may be guilty of the most criminal acts, while in the other they are eminently virtuous and respectable. Neither life knows anything of the other. Dr. Mesnet states that he has watched a man in his abnormal state elaborately prepare to hang himself, and has let him go on" (!) "until asphyxia set in, when he cut him down. But on passing into the normal state the would-be-suicide was wholly ignorant of what had happened."

If Wigan and Sequard are right in regarding the changes of opinion with which most of us are familiar as differing only in degree from the duality of a lunatic's mind who has sane and insane periods, and mental indecision as differing only in degree from the case of a lunatic who "is of two minds," knowing that what he says is insane, a curious subject of speculation arises in the consideration of the possible duality of the moral nature. The promptings of evil and the voice of conscience resisting these promptings, present themselves as the operation of the two brains, one less instructed and worse trained than the other. "Conversion" is presented to us as a physical process, bringing the better-trained brain into action in such sort as to be the only or chief guide of the man's actions.

Passing, however, from thoughts such as these to the reasoning on which must depend our acceptance of the theory which has suggested them, let us consider what evidence we have to show that

a real difference exists between the right and left brains.

It has been shown that the faculty of speech depends either wholly or mainly on the left side of the brain. A lesion in a particular region of this side produces the loss of the faculty of expressing ideas by spoken words. Out of more than a hundred cases of this peculiar disease — *aphasia* — only one is known (and that case is doubtful) in which the right side of the brain was diseased. This seems to show that the two sides of the brain are distinct one from the other. At first sight, however, the idea might suggest itself that this evidence tended to prove that the two portions of the brain discharge supplementary functions. If the left side thus perform duties with which the right side has nothing to do, presumably the right side may perform duties from which the left side is free. This, indeed, would appear to be the case; but Brown-Sequard's position is that this is not a necessary distinction; but the result of habit, unconsciously exercised of course, since (as yet, at any rate) we do not possess the power of deciding that we will use this or that side of the brain. He maintains that the left brain is used in speech, as the right hand is used in writing, that a disease in the particular part of the left brain on which speech depends, causes *aphasia*, precisely as a disease of the right hand destroys the power of writing (until the left hand has been trained to the work), and that by training both brains we should render this particular form of cerebral disease less likely to cause loss of speech, much in the same way that by training both hands to write, we should diminish the chance of any such cause as disease or accident depriving us of the power of writing.

Brown-Sequard further maintains that where the power of articulation is lost, it is not the mere power of moving the muscles of the tongue, larynx or chest, which is lost, but the memory of the mode of directing the movements of those muscles. In many cases, he says, "a patient could move the tongue in any direction, could move the larynx, and utter sounds very well; but could not articulate, the mental part of the mechanical act being lost, not the mechanical action itself."

Sight affords evidence that the distinct action of the two sides of the brain is not incompatible with the completeness of the power possessed by either. Wollaston held that the right side of the base of the brain is the centre for sight in the

two right halves of the eye,—that is, the half of the right eye towards the temple, and the half of the left eye towards the nose; while the left side of the base of the brain is the centre for sight in the two other halves—the outer half of the left eye and the inner half of the right eye. If this were so, the two halves of the brain would be, so far as sight is concerned, absolutely supplementary to each other, inasmuch that a disease of either half of the brain would render sight imperfect. It is not altogether true, however, as Brown-Sequard states, that only one-half of each object would be seen, for the whole of an object may fall on either half of the retina. But objects looked at full front would thus be divided. If the left side of the brain were affected, the left halves of the eyes would act imperfectly, that is, the left halves of the visual field within the eye; so that, in point of fact, objects towards the observer's right would be unseen; and *vice versa*. Wollaston himself was troubled occasionally by a defect of this kind. Trying one day to read the name of an instrument—the barometer—he could read only “meter,” the other part of the word, “baro,” being invisible. Agassiz was similarly affected. And many patients who are afflicted with certain disorders of movement implying brain disease, have the same trouble—they see only half of objects towards which the eyes are directly turned. Nor is this the only evidence which at a first view seems to demonstrate Wollaston's theory. If the theory were true we should expect to find that when only a small part of one side of the brain—or rather, of that region on which sight depends—was affected, then only the half of one eye would be deprived of sight. This has been found to be the case. And naturally, we should expect that if the other part of that region (of the same side of the brain) were affected, then the corresponding half of the other eye, and that half only, would be deprived of sight. This also has been found to be the case. Nevertheless, Wollaston's theory has to be abandoned because it does not account for all the facts, and is opposed by three decisive facts at least.* It has been

shown in many instances that a disease in one half of the brain will produce complete loss of sight, (i.) of the two halves of the eye on the same side as the diseased brain; or (ii.) of the two halves of the eye on the opposite side; or (iii.) of the two halves of both eyes. Manifestly then there is no necessary association between either side of the brain and the sight of either eye, or of the two halves of either eye. Each side of the brain possesses apparently the *potentiality* of rendering sight perfect for both eyes. Admitting this, it is clearly a point of great importance to inquire whether both sides of the brain, or the two brains, may not each be trained to discharge this duty; for the disease of either would no longer destroy or seriously impair the power of sight.

The next point considered by Brown-Sequard is that of gesture. The left side of the brain chiefly controls the gestures, and this for the simple reason that the left side of the brain guides chiefly the movements of the right side of the body, and it is chiefly with the right arm that gestures are made. But it also appears likely, from certain pathological facts, that even the motion of the left arm, so far as gestures are concerned, depends on the action of the left side of the brain; for it is found that patients who have the left side of the brain diseased commonly lose the faculty of making appropriate gestures with either the right or the left arm. It has, however, happened in a few cases that disease of the right side of the brain has led to a loss of the power of making gestures. It need hardly be remarked that this exception no more opposes itself to the general theory of the duality of the brain than does the fact that a certain proportion of persons are left-handed, or one may say left-sided.

There is a difficulty in determining how far writing depends on the left side of the brain, because disease of that side is not uncommonly accompanied by paralysis of the right arm and hand, and in such cases we cannot determine whether the power of writing is lost on account of a real loss of memory of the relation between written symbols and the ideas they express, or simply through the effects of paralysis. However, it very seldom happens as the most probable than another theory which accounts for a greater number of facts, or even for all the known facts save one, but is manifestly opposed by one fact. This is a rule of the utmost importance in science, because often it enables us to select the true theory, not by overpowering testimony of evidence in its favour, but consecutively rejecting all other possible theories.

* It is singular how seldom the true rules which should guide us in selecting and rejecting theories are recognized and understood. Over and over again we see it assumed, if not stated, that that theory which accounts for the greatest number of facts is to be adopted as the most probable. This is not by any means the case. The true theory must, in reality, accord with *all* the facts, though we may not be able to show that it does. Now if a theory accounts for several of the facts, and is not opposed by a single one, it has a much better claim to be adopted provisionally

pens that paralyzed patients have lost altogether the use of the fingers and are unable to make the least sign. In fact it is found that in many cases they can imitate writing placed before them (oftener if the handwriting resembles their own), while they are unable from memory to write anything, or at all events to express ideas by writing. The disease is called *agraphia*. In many patients suffering from this disease the right arm is perfectly free from any sign of paralysis, but a portion of the left side of the brain has been diseased. It would appear therefore that written language, like spoken language, depends on the left side of the brain.

It is also known that the power of reasoning depends on the left side of the brain more than on the right. In cases of insanity the left side of the brain has more frequently been found to be diseased than the right side.

We see, then, that to the left brain we must assign the chief control over speech, writing, and gesture—the methods, that is, of expressing ideas. This side also seems principally concerned in the process of reasoning; and besides these special functions, we must assign to the left side of the brain the principal control over the motions and organs of the right side of the body.

The right side of the brain in turn possesses its special functions. It serves chiefly the emotional manifestations, including those called hysterical, and also to the needs of the body as respects nutrition.* It also, of course, possesses a function corresponding to the control of the left side of the brain over the bodily organs, the right side having principal control over the movements and organs of the left side of the body.

And now for the practical application of these facts.

If the difference which exists between

* The evidence adduced by Dr. Brown-Sequard respecting the special functions of the right side of the brain is chiefly derived from his medical experience, and would, therefore, not be altogether suitable to these pages—or rather, its force would not be so clearly recognized as that of the evidence relating to language and gesture. It appears that ulceration of the lungs or liver, hemorrhage and sudden inflammation, can result more or less directly from irritation, and that in these cases it has chiefly been the right side of the brain which has been affected. Among one hundred and twenty-one cases of paralysis, caused by hysteria, ninety-seven were found associated with disease of the right side of the brain, and only twenty-four with disease of the left side. It is also well known that paralysis is more common on the left side of the body than on the right side, which corresponds to the fact that the right side of the brain is more commonly diseased in the manner which results in paralysis. He cites other medical evidence in support of the theory that the right side of the brain is chiefly concerned in the nutrition of the various organs of the body.

the two sides of the brain depended on a radical difference in their structure, it would of course be impossible to bring about any change. The facts we have cited would be interesting, but they would have no practical application, however thoroughly they might be demonstrated. We recognize clearly the difference between the functions of the eye and those of the ear, between the office of the legs and that of the arms; but we do not inquire whether both the eye and the ear might be trained to perform the same duties, nor do we practise walking on our hands, or grasping objects with our feet. But it is manifest that a useful purpose might be served by calling to any person's attention the fact, if such it should be, that he uses one or other eye more frequently than the other, or for different purposes, and that his general powers of sight would be improved if he accustomed both eyes to the same amount and kind of work.* Similarly of the ears. Again some persons are *too* right-handed (we question, indeed, whether one-handedness, whether right or left be chiefly employed, does not in all cases involve a loss of power). In all such cases it is probable that careful training, especially if begun in early life, by tending to equalize the work of each member of each pair of organs, might not add considerably to the general powers of the body. It is something of this sort that Brown-Sequard hopes to attain for the brain; in fact, it is by this very process that he hopes to bring into action the full powers of this dual organ.

He remarks that "every organ which is put in use for a certain function gets

* Perhaps in some instances the reverse may be the case—though we question whether many would care to have one eye specially suited for one kind of work, and the other eye for a different kind. This is not an imaginary case. It is much more common than many suppose, for one eye to be of different focal length than the other; and, if the difference is not early noticed, it is apt to increase, each eye being used for the work to which it is best suited. The present writer supposes that a marked difference between his own eyes attained its present extent in this way, though the difference was probably considerable in childhood. It is now so great that the left eye is scarcely used at all, and is almost useless for ordinary vision, being very near-sighted, but is almost microscopic for near objects; while the right eye is not used at all on examining minute objects, and very little in reading, but is of average power for distant objects. To use both has become impossible, and may have always been so. The difference, however, was not noticed until the writer was about eighteen years of age. That it existed in boyhood to a marked degree, he considers to be proved by the difficulty he experienced in acquiring skill in such games as cricket, rackets, fives, billiards, &c., where ready and exact judgment of distances is required. He believes that in almost every instance when a boy shows a marked want of skill in such games—while apt in others—it will be found that one eye differs so much in focal length from the other as to be little used.

developed, and more apt or ready to perform that function. Indeed, the brain shows this in point of mere size. For the left side of the brain, which is used most, is larger than the right side. The left side of the brain also receives a great deal more blood than the right side, because its action preponderates, and every organ that acts much receives more blood. As regards the influence of action on the brain, there is a fact which hatters know very well. If a person is accustomed for many years of adult life — say from twenty up to forty or more — to go to the same hatter, the hatter will find after a time that he has to enlarge the hat of that customer; and, indeed, a person advanced in years, even having passed fifty-six, as your lecturer has, may have a chance to observe such a change. There is no period of six months that has passed that I have not found my hat, if neglected and put aside, has become too small. The head growing is very strong proof that the brain grows also. Action is a means of increasing size. It is also a means of developing power. I have no doubt that a good many among you have observed that after paying great attention to a subject they have not only acquired knowledge on that subject, but become much better able to solve questions relating to that subject — that having developed the part of the brain which has been used for the acts performed, that part has become far better able to perform the duties demanded of it."

The superior size, therefore, of the left side of the brain, as well as the fact that it receives a larger share of blood than the right, show that it is predominant in our system. This fact is also shown by the prevalence of right-handedness among all races of men. There is no left-handed race among all the races that people the world.* But also, the left-handed individuals of every race have the brain correspondingly unequal, only that in their case the right side of the brain is more developed, and that side, instead

of the left, controls the faculty of expressing ideas, whether by language or by gesture, and acts chiefly in intellectual operations. The connection between greater development of the brain and the control of reason and its expression, by the side of the brain so developed, seems conclusively established. The side of the brain which chiefly guides our actions has the greater mass of grey matter, the greater number of convolutions, the most plentiful supply of blood.

Now it appears certain that the greater development of the left side of the brain, and consequently, if the inferences just drawn are sound, the chief use of that side in reason, language, and gesture, is brought about by actions under the control of will. We exercise most the right side of the body, hence the left side of the brain becomes better developed than the right, and hence, therefore, it assumes the function of controlling intellectual processes and their expression. If, of set purpose, we exercised equally both sides of the body, if in particular we employed the organs on the left side in processes at present chiefly or wholly managed by those on the right, would not the two sides of the brain become equally developed, and might not both become capable of controlling the reasoning faculties? On this point we have evidence which is well worth considering, even if it cannot be regarded as decisive.

Cases have occurred in which the left side of a child's brain has become diseased before the child has learned to talk. In such cases the child has learned to talk as well, or nearly as well, as if the left side of the brain had been sound. Now, if in such cases the child had been born of left-handed parents, we could regard the result as depending on the hereditary transmission of exceptional powers to the right side of the brain. But no such explanation has been available. In most instances, certainly (in all according to Brown-Sequard's belief) the parents of these children were right-handed. In fact, the circumstance that these children, besides being able to speak, could make use of all the members of the right side of the body (though the left side of the brain, which usually controls the movements of those members, was diseased), shows that the right side of the brain had assumed powers not ordinarily belonging to it. The children, however, as might be expected, were left-handed, the left side of the body being governed as the special province of the right brain, and the right side only be-

* Right-sidedness extends even to lower races, though there are few cases in which we have the means of determining it. Birds, and especially parrots, show right-sidedness. Dr. W. Ogle has found that few parrots perch on the left leg. Now parrots have that part at least of the faculty of speech, which depends on the memory of successive sounds, and of the method of reproducing such imitation of them as a parrot's powers permit; and it is remarkable that their left brain receives more blood and is better developed than the right brain. So far Dr. Brown-Sequard on this point. It may be questioned whether monkeys show any tendency to right-handedness; our own recollections of monkey gestures certainly suggest no preference of the kind. Here is a field for observation and inquiry among our zoological professors when young Guy Fawkes has passed through his teething.

cause the disease of the left brain forced on the right brain the duty of governing the right side of the body, as well as that of controlling reason, speech, and gesture.

The next point cited by Dr. Brown-Sequard does not seem quite so clearly favourable to his views; in fact it appears to us to *suggest* a rather strong argument against the hope which he entertains that the general mental powers may be improved by exercising both sides of the brain in the same kind of work. He points out that very few left-handed persons have learned to write with the left hand, and that those who can write with that hand do not write nearly so well with it as with the right hand. "Therefore," he says, "the left side of the brain, even in persons who are left-handed naturally (so that the right side of the brain controls the reasoning faculties and their expression) can be so educated that the right hand, which that side of the brain controls, produces a better hand-writing than that by the left hand, though this is controlled by the better-developed brain." This certainly seems to show the possibility of training one side of the brain to do a part of the work appertaining in the ordinary course of things to the other; but the inferiority of the writing with the left hand is rather an awkward result so far as Brown-Sequard's hopes are concerned. For it looks very much as though the habit of writing with the right hand, which in the case of a left-handed person is in fact the wrong hand for writing with, rendered the right brain less fit to control that special department of its duties (for a left-handed person) which relates to the expression of ideas by writing. Now it may be a very useful thing to acquire true duality of brain-power, if the ordinarily less-used side of the brain for any particular action does not acquire full power for that function at the expense of the other side; but otherwise the advantage is not so obvious. If we could train the left arm to be as skilful as the right, without losing the skill of the right arm, we should willingly take the proper measures; but merely to shift the skill from one arm to the other would lead to no advantage, even if we could be quite sure that it would involve no loss. And, as we have said, this particular argument suggests a test which can hardly be expected to favour Brown-Sequard's theory. Left-handed persons are continually exercising their left or less developed brain in work properly appertaining to the right brain

(in this case). Accordingly, with them the two brains are more equally exercised than in the case of right-handed persons. But are the left-handed observed to be ordinarily of better balanced mind than the right-handed? Are they less liable to paralysis of one side of the body, through having each brain readier to discharge the functions of the other? It seems to us that if neither of these relations exists, and we can scarcely suppose that either could exist without having long since been recognized, we may regard Brown-Sequard's theories as interesting perhaps, and even trustworthy, but we can scarcely place much reliance on the hopes which he bases upon those theories.

His next argument seems somewhat more to the purpose. Right-sidedness affects the arms, as we know, much more than the legs. It is presumable, therefore, that there is not so special a relation between the more developed left brain and the action of the right leg, which is only the equal of the left leg, as there is between the left brain and the more skilful of the two arms. In other words, we may assume that both brains control both legs. In fact, if, by equalizing the practice of the two arms we are to bring the two brains not only into more equal operation, but into combined action on each arm, it would appear that the equal exercise of the two legs *ought* to have resulted in combining the action of the two brains so far as the control of the lower limbs is concerned. So that we not only may "infer this state of the two brains from the observed powers of the two legs," but unless we do assume this, the hopes entertained by Brown-Sequard must be regarded as to some degree negated. Now if the brains do thus act in combination in controlling the lower limbs, it is clear that the complete paralysis of a leg ought not to be so common as the complete paralysis of an arm, for an arm would be paralyzed if only one side of the brain were affected, but for a leg to be paralyzed both sides of the brain must be affected. Dr. Brown-Sequard states that this is the case, at least to this degree, that "it is exceedingly rare that the leg is affected in the same degree by paralysis as the arm."*

The hope entertained by Dr. Brown-Sequard is that by teaching our children

* We do not feel quite sure that we have rightly dealt with the doctor's argument in this case; because he has presented it very briefly, with the remark that it cannot be understood well except by medical men, and our explanation, not requiring a medical training on the reader's part, is therefore presumably inexact.

to use both sides of the body equally, the two sides of the brain may be brought into more uniform action. "If you have been convinced by the arguments I have given that we have two brains," he says, "it is clear that we ought to develop both of them, and I can say at any rate as much as this, there is a chance,—I could not say more, but at least there is a chance,—that if we develop the movements of the two sides of the body, the two arms and the two legs, one just as much as the other, the two sides of the brain will then be developed one as much as the other as respects the mental faculties also." There is a connection between the development of the brain as regards the mental faculties and the development as regards leading movements on one side of the body: therefore, Brown-Sequard considers that if we train the left side of the body as carefully as we are in the habit of training the right, there is a chance that we should have two brains as respects mental functions, instead of one as at present. Since in cases of disease of the left side of the brain the right side can be trained to exercise all the functions usually performed by the left side, it seems reasonable to hope that we can do as much for the right side of the brain when the left side is sound. Dr. Brown-Sequard suggests, therefore, that no child shall be allowed to remain either right-sided or left-sided, but be initiated as early as possible into two-sided ways. "One day or one week it would be one arm which would be employed for certain things, such as writing, cutting meat, or putting a spoon or a fork in the mouth, and so on. In this way it would be very easy to obtain a great deal, if not all. We know that even adults can come to make use of their left arm. A person who has lost his right arm can learn to write (with difficulty, it is true, because in adult life it is much more difficult to produce these effects than in children), and the left arm can be used in a great variety of ways by persons who wish to make use of it." . . . "There is also another fact as regards the power of training. Even in adults, who have lost the power of speech from disease of the left side of the brain, it is possible to train the patient to speak, and most likely then by the use of the right side of the brain, the left side of those patients, with great difficulty, will come to learn. The same teaching we employ with a child learning to speak should be employed to teach an adult who has lost the power of speech. So also as regards gesture

and other ways of expressing ideas. I have trained some patients to make gestures with the left arm who had lost the power of gesture with the right, and who were quite uncomfortable because their left arm, when they tried to move it, at times moved in quite an irregular way, and by no means in harmony with their intention. There is a power of training, therefore, for adults; and therefore that power no doubt exists to a still greater degree in the case of children; and as we know that we can make a child, who is naturally left-handed, come to be right-handed, so we can make a child who is naturally right-handed come to be left-handed as well." The great point should be to develop equally the two sides of the body, in the hope that by so doing the two sides of the brain, or the two brains, may be brought into harmonious action, not only as respects bodily, but also as respects mental functions.

We have thus brought before the reader the hopes, as well as the theoretical views, of Dr. Brown-Sequard. We must say in conclusion that although for our own part we do not regard his hopes as altogether well based, believing, in fact, that many familiar experiences are against them, we attach great importance to the theoretical considerations to which he directs attention. We may not be able to increase general mental power, and still less to double mental power by calling the two sides of the brain into combined activity (as respects intellectual processes), yet if we recognize the duality of the brain in this respect we may find it possible to assist the reasoning side of the brain in other ways. For instance, it may be found that by considering the facts to which Brown-Sequard has called attention, we can more clearly understand the advantage which the student has long been known to derive from special forms of mental relaxation. It may, for instance, be a specially desirable change for the student to have his emotions called into play, because the overworked reasoning part of the brain obtains in that way a more complete rest. When either side of the head is suffering from temporary ailments, as in migraine (hemikranion), special forms of mental* or

* An experience of the writer's seems to suggest this as possible. On one occasion, when he was about to deliver a lecture to a large audience (the largest he had ever addressed, in fact, and computed at nearly three thousand), he was suffering from a headache affecting the right side of the head so severely that the slightest movement caused intense pain, and every breathing was responded to by a dismal throbbing of the brain. The headache was not occasioned by excitement, but was connected with a general disturbance of the system

bodily exercise may be found useful to remove or alleviate the sufferings. And it cannot be but that in studying the effects of such experiments as Brown-Sequard suggests, light would be thrown on the interesting and perplexing subject of the brain's action in relation to consciousness and volition. If in addition to such useful results as these it should be found that by careful training on Brown-Sequard's plan the duality of the brain can be made a source of increased mental power, or of better mental balance, or of readier decision, so much the better. The progress of science calls for increased mental activity. We want more powerful brains than served our forefathers, for we try to grapple with more difficult questions. The idea is at least pleasing to contemplate, though we fear it is based as yet on no very firm foundation, that as binocular vision gives a power of determining the true position of objects which the single eye does not possess, so bi-cerebral thought may supply a mental parallax enabling men to obtain juster views of the various subjects of their thoughts than they can obtain at present by mental processes which are known to be one-sided.

From The Spectator.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

M. BUFFET has at last formed his ministry, and perhaps it is as good as the circumstances of the case gave any one a right to expect. But it has not been put together without a delay which casts an unpleasant light on the intentions of the president. First he published a note in the *Official Journal*, declaring that his policy would be precisely the same in the future as it had been in the past, and hinting to the Bonapartist and the Legitimist officials that they would continue to wield the powers of the Republic, how-

from a severe cold, and was intensified by a journey from Chicago to New York (where the lecture was delivered), completed only two or three hours before the lecture began. During the first ten minutes of the address the pain was very great indeed, and was rendered more severe by the effort required in addressing so large a meeting with a voice affected by catarrh. But from that time the pain grew less, and at the end of the lecture no trace of it remained. The headache did not return after the lecture was over; in fact, the rest of the evening was passed in such manifest enjoyment of pleasant converse at the Century Club, that several "Centurions" who had heard the lecture must in all probability have found it difficult to reconcile the circumstance with the lecturer's statement about his illness. [Ah! goodly fellowship of "Centurions!" where else in the world are so many genial souls gathered together? and where else in the world does the stranger receive so warm a greeting?]

ever loudly they might have sworn to betray it. He next insisted that M. Buffet should take some of his ministers from among the party which, by voting against the Senate Bill, had made known that it would not abandon the intention to restore a monarchy. The design was abandoned because M. Dufaure firmly refused to serve in the same Cabinet with such colleagues, but he was forced to accept the companionship of M. de Meaux, a Royalist, who had abstained from voting in the division on the Senate Bill. The personal sympathies of the marshal were most ominously revealed, however, by the negotiations respecting the ministry of the interior. That is the keystone of the Cabinet. The minister of the interior may muzzle or let loose the press of any party. He may wink at the designs of the Bonapartists, or put down their committees with a strong hand. He may dismiss or retain the Legitimist and the Imperialist prefects. In a contested election he may use all the executive machinery of a department—the prefect, the sub-prefects, the crowd of petty officials—as so many agents of the party to which he himself belongs. And a few months hence the power of his office will be greater than it has been since the fall of the Empire, because there must be a general election, and the result may immensely affect the whole future of France. So important is the post, that the Republicans would gladly, we believe, barter the three portfolios which they have gained for the single portfolio of the Home Office. But for the same reason the Orleanists were determined to keep it for themselves, and they seem to have first thought of giving it to their trusty agent, M. Bocher. Although little known in this country, and although he seldom takes part in debate, M. Bocher is an important personage at Versailles. He is believed to be a man of great ability, and he did give some proofs of capacity during the monarchy of Louis Philippe. The Empire cast him into private life, and now he usually keeps in the background, because, it is said, the state of his health forbids him to be an active combatant. His counsel, however, is highly valued, and he pulls many political wires with an unseen hand. M. Bocher, in fact, has much the same kind of reputation at Versailles as Mr. Whitbread has at Westminster. But he is an important personage for another reason than the belief in his ability. He was the trusted agent of Louis Philippe, who made him administrator of the property

belonging to the House of Orleans after the revolution of February, and he resisted the decree for the confiscation of that property with all the powers furnished by the law. To the sons and the grandsons of his master he is equally devoted, and he may be called their political man of business. Had M. Bocher been minister of the interior, all the administrative machinery would have been guided by the Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Aumale. But the plainness of that fact would have made any disaster embarrassing to those superlatively prudent princes, and so M. Bocher again pleaded ill-health. It is not necessary for us to believe that he is smitten with any other malady than political caution.

The next choice was the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, and on the Right side of the Assembly there is no man who would be so acceptable to the Republicans. His high rank, his wealth, his devotion to the House of Orleans, and his great ability soon gave him one of the foremost places among the Royalists. He was one of the most ardent Fusionists, and he had a large share in the first negotiations between the Orleanists and the Legitimists. On the Orleanist side he took the chief part in the making of that compact which seemed to promise success until the very day when it was shivered to pieces by the Comte de Chambord's famous letter. When he read the epistle, he is reported to have said that it was a catastrophe. He then helped the Duc de Broglie to form a breakwater against Radicalism by means of the Septennate; but his clear judgment told him that the chances of a monarchical restoration had gone by for years, perhaps forever. His mind was chiefly influenced, however, by his passionate hatred of the Empire. As president of the commission which investigated the contracts for the army, he gathered an immense mass of facts to illustrate the foulness of the corruption that had stained the Imperial system, and he used it with splendid effect in the speech which bade the Emperor give France back her legions. His detestation of the Empire has led him to the side of the Republic, not because he likes it, but because he believes that no other form of government can save the country from falling into the hands of M. Rouher. A year ago he had the courage to tell that fact to the members of the Right Centre, of which he was the president, and he boldly recommended that

they should cut themselves loose from the impracticable Legitimists, for the purpose of forming an alliance with the Conservatives of the Left. His friends did not agree with him at the time, and he resigned his position; but they have now come to share his apprehensions and his wishes. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, in fact, has done more than any other man on the Right to bring about the present alliance between the Republican and the Royalist divisions of the Conservative party. Hence the Left was peculiarly pleased when he accepted the ministry of the interior, and the "Chislehurstiens," as the Bonapartists are sometimes called, were depressed in a corresponding degree. But at this stage of the negotiations the marshal came into the field with a veto. It may be that M. Buffet was jealous of the duke. Or it may be that the president resents the advances which the duke has made to the Republicans, or that his old connection with the Empire makes him angry at the attacks on the system. Or perhaps he has yielded to solicitations from his minister of war, General Cissey, who is a Monarchist, and with whom he refuses to part. Or General Bourbaki, the commandant of Lyons, and other Bonapartist generals who are still permitted to retain high places of command, may have stated to the marshal that their authority would be dangerously diminished if the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier were to be minister of the interior. Or, as rumour states, the duke himself may have insisted on the dismissal of those generals. At all events, the marshal distinctly told him that he could not be permitted to become minister of the interior, and offered him a minor portfolio. That change was made the more insulting by the fact that the duke did not seek office, but had it thrust upon him. His parliamentary position would also forbid him to accept any of the less important offices, and we dare say that the consequence was some plain-speaking, for his many good qualities are marred by a highly explosive temper. Nevertheless the ministry of the interior falls to M. Buffet himself, and the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier will take his place as the president of the Assembly. Nor was he the only person at whom underhand intrigue made a dead set, for there was also an attempt to exclude M. Wallon, or at least to keep him away from the ministry of public instruction. M. Wallon has high claims to that portfolio.

He has for many years been a professor at the Sorbonne, and he has published historical works of considerable value. His history of our own Richard II. is a book of sterling worth. Being the author of the amendment which smoothed the way for the Senate Bill, and having taken an active part in the negotiation between the two Centres, he could not have been excluded without a show of ingratitude. As he is also a good Catholic, he might have seemed a suitable minister of public instruction even to the devotees of the Right. But he does not happen to agree with Bishop Dupanloup's condemnation of the university, and he would resist the attempt to give clerical seminaries power to grant degrees. So the redoubtable prelate went to Marshal or Madame MacMahon with a complaint that the Church was in danger, and a vigorous effort was made to trip up M. Wallon's heels. Had the marshal been as much of a churchman as he is of a soldier, it might have succeeded, but for the present M. Wallon is safe.

The cabinet contains four new members besides M. Wallon. M. Buffet we described last week. M. De Meaux, the minister of agriculture, is a relative of Montalembert, and an ardent Catholic. M. Léon Say, the minister of finance, is well known in England. He possesses many of the aptitudes for dealing with economical subjects which distinguished his relative, Baptiste Say, and his advancement has been helped by the fact that he owns part of the *Journal des Débats*. Down to the fall of the Empire he was an Orleanist; but like M. Thiers and M. Casimir Périer, he soon came to believe that a Conservative republic was the only form of government which could be set up, or which could stand in the present state of France. He is now a staunch, if not an ardent Republican; and the clearness of his head, his eminence as a man of business, and his power of incisive speech, make him a valuable leader of the Left Centre. It was to him that the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier came with the request that the Left Centre should join the Right in setting up a monarchy, but M. Léon Say dismissed him with the answer that the plan signified revenge for the principles of '89.

The ablest man in the ministry, however, is neither M. Léon Say, nor even M. Buffet, but M. Dufaure. Like M. Léon Say, he was once an Orleanist, and indeed he held office under Louis Philippe; but he served the Republic of

1848 with real loyalty as minister of the interior. As such he was the right-hand of General Cavaignac, and he used all the influence of his office to defeat Prince Louis Bonaparte in the memorable contest for the presidency. He said that he wished the people to choose a man, and not a name. Such was the ability of M. Dufaure, that the victor offered him the same post, and he accepted it; but he soon found it necessary to part from the prince and at last he was driven from political life by the *coup d'état*. Going back to the practice of the bar, he held the very foremost place. There is perhaps no greater lawyer in France, and there is certainly no greater advocate. He is also one of the few lawyers who are equally eminent in the art of political discussion. The National Assembly contains far more eloquent men, but he has the reputation of being the best debater, and such at least would be the judgment of an English audience. His business-like style, his disdain for ornament, his brevity and directness of statement, his command of facts, and his power of hard-hitting make him such an opponent as Mr. Gladstone himself would find formidable. Although about seventy-five years old, he is a man of immense physical vigour. His Republicanism is of the same kind as that of M. Léon Say, but it is united to a keener, or at least a louder hatred of Radicalism. He has never forgiven the excesses of 1848. But M. Gambetta and his friends find an ample compensation for M. Dufaure's sarcasm in his iron will and his determination to have his own way. When he was vice-president of the Council, under M. Thiers, it was sometimes difficult to say whether he or M. Thiers was the ruling spirit. At least he drove M. Pouyer-Quertier out of the Cabinet, in spite of the favour which M. Thiers showed to that champion of protectionism, because M. Pouyer-Quertier had dared to criticise in public the prosecution of Janvier de la Motte. The marshal will certainly not be able to browbeat the sturdy lawyer. M. Dufaure has, perhaps, the student's instinctive contempt for mere fighters, and there is a report that he intends to keep the marshal in his own place. At least he will not let the ministry of justice be used to cover Legitimist evasions of the law or Bonapartist plots, and that is an ample satisfaction to the Radicals for the bitterness with which he chastises their follies.